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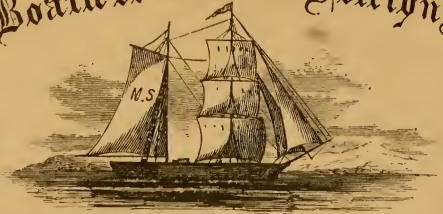

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"He spake to his disciples, that a small ship should wait on him." — Mark 3, 9.

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Missionary House
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James M Gordon
Treas.r

CERTIFICATE OF STOCK IN THE MORNING STAR.

THE MORNING STAR:

HISTORY OF

THE CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY VESSEL,

AND OF THE

MARQUESAN AND MICRONESIAN MISSIONS.

BY

MRS. JANE S. WARREN.

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TO THE

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND STOCKHOLDERS

OF THE

Morning Star,

THIS LITTLE BOOK, DESCRIBING HER HISTORY, AND THAT OF THE MISSIONS IN WHOSE SERVICE SHE IS EMPLOYED,

IS DEDICATED,

BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

J. S. W.

PREFACE.

It is thought desirable to prefix to this little work some explanation of the mode now in use of writing and pronouncing the words in the native languages of the Pacific Islands.

The vowels and diphthongs are sounded as follows: —

a as a in father, art.
e as ey in they, or simple long a.
i as i in machine, the English long e.
o as o in no.
u as oo in too.
ai as I, the long English i in pine.
au as ow in how.

Where two or more vowels occur together, they are not, with the above exceptions, to be pronounced together, but as so many distinct syllables; as O-a-hu, Ha-wai-i, Pu-a-a-i-ki.

Consonants are sounded nearly as they are in English. They are, however, never doubled, and rarely end a word or syllable.

In the Hawaiian language the modes of writing and spelling have become fixed and uniform. In islands further west, the languages of which have been less studied, greater diversity prevails. Most visitors to them have spelled each according to his fancy or judgment — even the missionaries have not, until recently, been uniform in their practice in this respect. In the present work the author has followed the orthography of the reports and journals transmitted by them.

In the preparation of this volume much aid has been received from the journals of Captains Moore and Brown, to whom special acknowledgments are hereby made. Thanks are due, also, to the gentlemen connected with the Missionary Rooms, Boston, and to several friends of the missionaries in this country, for valuable documents furnished by them.

That this little book may serve, not only to gratify her young readers, but also to awaken in them a deep and abiding interest in the work of Missions, and in the advancement of the kingdom of the Redeemer, is the earnest prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

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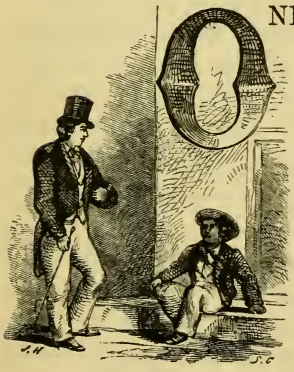
THE HISTORY

OF

THE MORNING STAR.

CHAPTER I.

WHY THE MORNING STAR WAS BUILT.



Obookiah.

ONE day, a little more than fifty years ago, a student at Yale College was walking through the grounds, when he saw a lad, about seventeen years old, sitting on the steps of the college, weeping. He was clad in a rough sailor's dress; his tawny face was dull and unmeaning, but his look of distress attracted the student's attention. Being a young man who sought opportunities of doing good, he stopped and asked who he was,

and what distressed him. He learned that this was one of two boys who had come to this country, a little while before, from the Sandwich Islands, in the Pacific Ocean. This lad could understand but little of our language, and seeing so many things of which he was ignorant, he felt very sad and lonely. Mr. Dwight (for that was the student's name) asked him if he wanted to learn. The dull, tawny face brightened up, and he said eagerly, "Yes." Mr. Dwight then proposed he should come up to his room in college, and he would teach him. He said "yes" again, and his face was brighter than before. So up he went the same evening, and began with the spelling book, and continued to study regularly for several months.

This Sandwich Islands lad was Henry Obookiah. He was an orphan. He had seen his father, mother, and dear little brother killed in a savage war with another tribe on the Islands. Feeling heart-broken and alone, he resolved to leave his home, and go to some other part of the world — he did not care where. About this time, a ship from New York stopped at the Islands. Obookiah went on board, and begged the captain to let him go back with him as a servant, and he consented. He found here another lad about his own age, named Thomas Hopu, who was cabin boy of the ship. In about six

months the vessel arrived at New York, and the captain, whose family lived in New Haven, took the two boys home with him.

While in New Haven, they attracted a good deal of attention, and made many acquaintances, among whom were several of the students of the college. Hopu began to study first. Obookiah also wished to learn, but as nobody had offered to teach him, he did not know what to do. So one day he went and sat on the college steps, where he was found by Mr. Dwight, as I have told you.

It was soon evident that the dullness which he showed at first was no part of his character; his eyes were open to every thing about him, and he was full of life and energy. Grateful for the kindness of his teachers, he applied himself to study with all his might.

After he began to go to church, and was able to understand something about God, the Creator of all things, he felt how foolish was the idol-worship to which he had been accustomed at home. One day he said, "Hawaii gods — they wood — burn. Me go home — put 'em in fire — burn 'em up. They no see, no hear, no any thing. We make 'em;" and then added, "Our God," looking up reverently, "he make us."

Obookiah lived with Christian friends in various places for several years, and at length

gave decided evidence of having become a true Christian. After this, his greatest desire was to go back to the Islands, and, as he expressed it, "tell folks in Hawaii about heaven — about hell — tell folks no more pray to stone god." He went to a particular friend, and urged him to go and preach the gospel to his poor countrymen. As his friend did not give him much encouragement, he said, "You 'fraid? You know our Saviour say, 'He that will save his life shall lose it.'"

Both Obookiah and Hopu were so ready to improve every opportunity to learn, that their Christian friends began to think of some way in which they might be educated, and sent back as missionaries to their native land. At the same time there were in this country some young men from other islands, and from the Indian tribes in America, who desired instruction, and were without means to obtain it. At length, in 1816, the American Board of Foreign Missions established a school in Cornwall, in Connecticut, called the "Foreign Mission School," where heathen boys were gathered and taught the common branches of education, and also the doctrines and principles of Christianity.

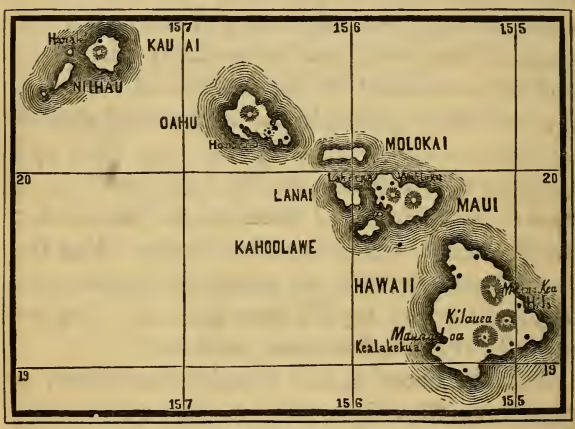
The heart of Obookiah was full of gratitude to God for the privileges which he enjoyed, and of pity for his heathen countrymen in his dark

island home. His growing desire to carry the gospel to them, promised to render him very useful if he went back. "Poor people," he would say, "worship wood and stone; shark and almost every thing their god. There is no Bible there; and heaven and hell they do not know about it — and here I have found the name of the Lord Jesus in the Holy Scriptures, and have read that his blood was shed for many. My poor countrymen, in the region and shadow of death, without knowing the true God, and ignorant of the future world, have no Bible to read — no Sabbath. I often feel for them in the night season concerning their souls. May the Lord Jesus dwell in my heart, and prepare me to go and spend my life among them. But not my will, O Lord, but thine, be done."

But the hopes of the friends of missions, in regard to Obookiah, were disappointed in his early removal by death. They were comforted in believing that his pious zeal, his consistent life, and early death would increase the missionary spirit, and hasten the time when the gospel would be sent far away over the great waters.

These expectations at length were realized. In 1819, a company of fourteen missionaries left Boston for the Sandwich Islands, and after a pleasant passage of six months, arrived safely at Honolulu. When the vessel anchored in the

harbor, many canoes filled with people of a dark color, and almost entirely naked, came off to visit it. The missionaries had never seen such wretched, dirty-looking beings before, and some of them turned away to weep at the sight.



MAP OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

After the king had given them leave to come on shore, some foreigners, who lived on the Islands, gave up three huts, thatched with grass, for their use; but in them was neither floor nor ceiling, chimney nor fireplace. They were destitute likewise of furniture. The missionaries could bring but little in their vessel; they had scarcely one chair for them all, and

there were none on the Islands to be bought. When their barrel of crockery was opened, it was found to be all broken; but the cooking stove was whole, and that was set up near one of the huts, with a fence of poles around it. Here the ladies did their cooking, washing, and ironing, while a crowd of natives would stand about it all day, to watch the work, which seemed very curious to them. They had to suffer many other inconveniences. There were no wells on the Islands, and all the fresh water used was scooped up from the rocks at a considerable distance, and brought in a kind of gourds called calabashes. Firewood was found only on the mountains, and had to be carried four or five miles on men's shoulders.

This, certainly, was not a very pleasant way of commencing housekeeping; but they had not sought ease and comfort — they were only anxious to do good to the people. Meetings were held, and Sabbath schools and day schools commenced for all who were willing to attend. But the heathen superstitions of the people had existed so long, and were so debasing, that it was a good while before any of them fully received the gospel into their hearts. Yet many put themselves under instruction, and were respectful and kind to their teachers, who spared no pains for their improvement. To enlist the

coöperation of the people in the schools, public examinations were held, and parents and children appeared to take just as much pleasure in them as is done in this country.

In order to gain easier access to all the people, the missionaries went to live on different islands. Many were the trials and heart-sinkings they experienced in their loneliness, far away from the civilized world and all Christian friends. But for the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway," they would, many times, have been ready to faint under their discouragements. But their heavenly Father's blessing was with them, and cheered them with indications of good. Daily intercourse with the people, as well as schools and religious teachings, in due time produced perceptible effects. Queens and chiefs were induced to renounce one heathen custom after another, and become learners in the school of Christ.

In the latter part of the first year, Kaahumanu, the queen-mother, became greatly dissatisfied with the intemperance and profligacy of the young king. She seemed to think that aid to overcome it might possibly be obtained from a higher source, and though she did not pray herself, she asked the prayers of the missionaries in his behalf. She was proud and haughty, but from that time she manifested much more interest in

the plans and wishes of the mission, and finally bowed in humble submission and thankfulness at the Saviour's feet.

This instance of conversion from idolatry of one who had spent five sixths of a life of threescore years in heathenism, far more than repaid the missionary band for all their toils, and self-denials, and hardships. But this was not a solitary case. Other chiefs began to be interested in the new religion; some of them became true converts, and others joined in outward respect for it and its institutions. God's Spirit reached here and there a heart, and in the seventh year of the mission, thirty-three hopeful converts were welcomed to the church at Lahaina.

Intemperance was a great hinderance to the spread of the gospel. Intoxicating drinks were made and sold in large quantities by foreigners who had come to live at the Islands. In 1831 a Temperance Society was formed, notwithstanding great opposition. Sabbath breaking and gambling were prohibited, and when an English trader told Kaahumanu that they did not prohibit such things in England and America, she replied, "We do not *rule* there; but these Islands are *ours*, and we wish to obey the commands of God."

The year 1838 was emphatically a year of revivals on the Islands. The year of jubilee had

indeed come; the harvest which had so long been waited for was gathered. Four thousand nine hundred and seventy-three hopeful converts were received into the churches, of all ages, from the little child to infirm old age.

In 1840 a written constitution and laws were adopted by the people, which secured to them their rights, encouraged industry, and punished vice.

The year 1849 completed thirty years from the commencement of the mission, and forty from the time when Obookiah arrived at New Haven. The whole number of members in the churches was now 23,102. There were about 550 schools, containing more than 15,000 pupils. The language had become reduced to writing, and 50,000 volumes of books had been printed. So the Islands had become Christian, idolatry had been abolished by law, and the knowledge and worship of God prevailed in every part of the kingdom.

The people of Hawaii now felt that they had received great blessings, and they began to think that they ought to do something to give the gospel to others who remained still as degraded as they once were. We see that love to Christ enlarges the heart and makes it unselfish. The earnest desire, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" takes possession of the soul, and prompts to

labors of love for others; and it was so with these Christians.

Away in the great ocean, nearly two thousand miles south-west of them, were several clusters of islands called the "Micronesian Islands." These had been occasionally visited by trading vessels and whale ships, which had made them known to the Christian world. So the Hawaiian Christians thought they would undertake to send a mission to these islands, and for this purpose they formed a society at Honolulu, called the "Hawaiian Missionary Society." The American Board at the same time determined to coöperate with the Hawaiian Christians, and send missionaries from this country to aid them in the enterprise. The people were delighted with the undertaking, and went to work in good earnest to raise the money with which to carry on the work. A vessel was chartered called the Caroline, and in July, 1850, it started on its voyage to Micronesia. It carried Rev. Messrs. Snow, Sturges, and Gulick, with their wives, and two Hawaiian assistants with their wives.

Before they left Honolulu, the little company was organized into a church by the name of the Micronesian Mission Church, and very interesting services were held on the occasion. A great crowd of people assembled on the wharf to

see the vessel set sail, and hundreds of voices sang, —

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

"Salvation, oh, salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name."

The king wrote the following letter, and sent it by the new missionaries to the rulers of the Micronesian Islands: —

Kamehameha III., of the Hawaiian Islands king, sends greetings to all chiefs of the islands in this great ocean to the westward, called Caroline Islands, Kingsmill Group, &c. Peace and happiness to you all, now and for ever.

Here is my friendly message to you. There are about to sail to your islands some teachers of the Most High God, Jehovah, to make known unto you his word for your eternal salvation. A part of them are white men from the United States of America, and a part belong to my Islands. Their names are as follows: B. G. Snow and wife; A. A. Sturges and wife; L. H. Gulick and wife; E. W. Clark; J. T. Gulick; Opunui and wife; Kaaikaula and wife; and Kekela. H. Holsworth is captain of the vessel.

I therefore take the liberty to commend these good teachers to your care and friendship, to exhort you to listen to their instructions, and to seek their acquaintance. I have seen the value of such teachers. We, here on my Islands, once lived in ignorance and idolatry. We were given to war, and we were very poor. Now my people are enlightened. We live in peace, and some have acquired property. Our condition is greatly improved on what it once was, and the word of God has been the great cause of our improvement. Many of my people regard the word of God, Jehovah, and pray to him, and he has greatly blessed us. I advise you to throw away your idols, take the Lord Jehovah for your God, worship and love him, and he will bless and save you. May he make these new teachers a great blessing to you and your people, and withhold from you no good thing.

KAMEHAMEHA.

The little company of missionaries reached their destination safely, and began their labors among the poor, dark, savage natives of Micronesia. The report which was brought back to Honolulu very much interested the Hawaiian Christians in the undertaking. They felt how good it was to do something for the cause of Christ, and as all are, who make sacrifices for his

sake, they were already greatly blessed in their own souls. At length, after a few years, the missionary spirit had so much increased among them, that they enlarged their contributions to the Hawaiian Missionary Society, and determined to send two more native missionaries to Micronesia.

But who would be willing to go? It did not take long to ascertain. First, two of the best teachers begged the privilege — for they felt it would indeed be a privilege — to tell of Christ to those who never heard of him. Next, two deacons came to their pastor, to offer themselves for the work. Several others, also, wished to go. After the subject had been prayed over, and guidance asked from God, one teacher and one deacon were chosen. They made, indeed, sacrifices, for they were to leave their little property and dear children behind them. They gave up *all* for Christ.

At the close of a communion season, when probably a thousand communicants were present, these two brethren gave their farewell addresses, and the church pledged to them "their prayers and contributions, year after year, until death." Was not that a beautiful spectacle?

But these Micronesian Islands were a great way off — very far from all Christian people. A year often passed, and sometimes two, without

the visit of any vessel. Those that did stop were nearly all whale ships, and the captains could seldom be persuaded to go out of their course, either to carry missionaries or get supplies to the mission. Besides, the mission did not expect to confine themselves to one island; they wished to carry the gospel to all the islands in those seas which would receive it. These were scattered through the ocean, sometimes hundreds of miles apart. How could they pass from one to another?

And then, too, how could they have communication with the Hawaiian Society, or the American Board, and get advice and assistance when they most needed it? You see that they needed a ship of their own — one in which they could go among the islands and make missionary tours, wherever God's providence should call them.

So, then, it was concluded by the Board that a little vessel must be provided for the purpose, and sent out for the use of the Micronesian Mission. And this was why the Morning Star was built.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THEY GOT THE MONEY.

Children contributing.

HOW should the money, sufficient to build such a vessel, be got? The American Board, after anxiously considering the question, felt that they could not advance it. Every penny they received was needed to carry on their own direct work, and they could not spare any thing for building a vessel. No, though it was very trying to say it, they must look to some other source.

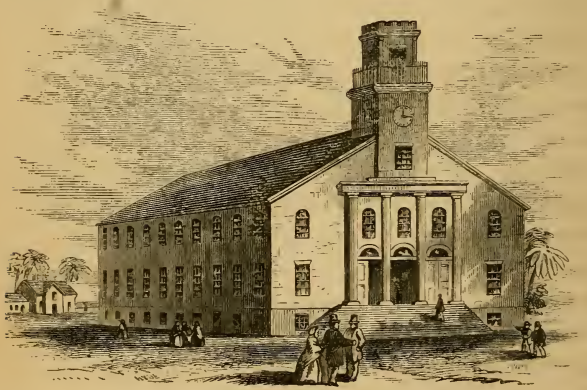
Could not the Hawaiian Missionary Society, with the help of the native Christians, undertake the work? No. They were extremely poor. The pastor of one of the churches on the Islands, in speaking of their poverty, said, "There is not a man, woman, or child in ten, throughout my church, that would not be regarded as a fit subject for the poorhouse, or object of charity, in Massachusetts. More than half that the com-

mon people get goes to support the government." To show how ready they were to do all they could, and yet how small were their means, let me tell you how they built one of their churches.

The number of native Christians at Honolulu had become very great, and for several years they had needed a house of worship large enough to accommodate them. At length they undertook to build it, and a subscription was commenced by the king's putting down three thousand dollars. Some of the chiefs also contributed liberally, and the people as much as they were able. The timber was brought from their own mountains or from California.

There were no oxen, or horses, or carts on the Islands, which they could use in hauling their materials, nor were they able to pay laborers to do the work for them. So the members of the church, about one thousand in number, divided themselves into companies, and took hold of the work. They dug out the stones for making the walls of the church, and brought them to the spot upon their shoulders. Then they swam out into the sea, and dived to the bottom, where they broke off the coral which grows there, to make lime of. When the large pile of coral was ready, forty cords of wood were needed to burn it; and another company went away into the mountains,

and brought the wood upon their backs. Then the women carried the lime in their calabashes to the place of building, and also the water and sand used to make the mortar. Two thousand barrels of sand, lime, and water were carried thus a quarter of a mile, to assist their husbands, fathers, and sons in building a house for the worship of God. How many people in this country would be willing to labor in this way, or make such sacrifices for the sake of having a place of worship?



CHURCH AT HONOLULU.

Mr. Coan, pastor of the church at Hilo, describes the way in which his people built a house of wood for the worship of God. The large timbers were cut in the mountain forests, and

had to be drawn down to the village by men. Mr. Coan often went with them for their encouragement and aid. When they arrived in the mountains, they first united in prayer, then fastened the ropes to the big logs, and away they went. "The manner of drawing," says Mr. Coan, "is quite systematic. They choose one of their number for a leader. He takes the command, and orders all the rest to be quiet, arranges the men on each side of the rope, in the same manner as a fire engine is drawn. Every man is ordered to grasp the rope tight with both hands, straighten it, and squat down, bending a little forward. The leader goes up and down the line, and sees that every man holds the rope. All is still as the grave for a moment — then the commander roars out in a loud voice, 'kano!' — draw. Every one rises, bending forward; every muscle is strained, and away dashes the timber through thicket and mud, over lava and stream, under a burning sun or drenching rain. No conversation is allowed, except by the marshal, who feels it his privilege to make noise enough for all. About once in half a mile they stop to rest, and then go on again. If the company get tired after a while, and choose to stand straight up, or hold the rope loosely, then the marshal has a thousand smart things to say, to arouse their zeal,

and make them labor harder. One phrase he uses is, 'Bow the head — blister the hands — sweat.' If the marshal has talked himself hoarse, he resigns his place, and another is chosen to fill it. All this is done in good nature."

The American Board, then, must look somewhere else than to these poor people for the means to build the missionary vessel with. At last some one said, "Could not the children raise the money? In England they have built the mission ship John Williams, and paid thirty thousand dollars for it. Why could not other children build a ship?" This was a happy thought, and the way in which the children responded to it showed that they felt so too.

It was estimated that the vessel would cost about twelve thousand dollars. This amount, therefore, was divided into one hundred and twenty thousand shares of ten cents each, so that a great many children could have the pleasure of being part "owners in the concern." Each one should have a certificate of stock given when the money was paid.

And what name should it have? It was going to bring the light of salvation to the islands in the west, rising upon them like a beautiful star. It shall be called, therefore, "*The Morning Star.*" So Jesus, who came to bring light and life to the

world, was called "the bright and the morning Star."

So the call went out for subscribers to the stock. Ministers spoke of it in the pulpit, Sabbath school teachers proposed it to their pupils, the newspapers talked of it — every body was interested.

"Children, hear the joyful call,
Rally quick in smiling bands;
Bring your offerings, one and all,
Warm in heart and free in hands.

"You shall build a mission ship,
Christened now the 'Morning Star,'
Soon shall speed its glorious trip,
Bearing gospel tidings far.

"Give a plank, a spar, a nail,
Timber, bolt, or peg, or screw,
Cable, rudder, anchor, sail;
Pour your gifts like morning dew.

"'Neath the Micronesian skies,
Where sweet Mercy never sings,
Soon the Morning Star shall rise,
Shaking joy from all its wings.

"Every shining penny given
With a cheerful heart and hand,
Like the purest ray from heaven,
Shall illume that pagan land.

"Thousands 'mid the blest shall rise,
Praising God that, from afar,
On their Micronesian skies
Ever dawned the Morning Star."

And now the money began to come. Cents and three-cent pieces, dimes and half dimes, poured into the Missionary House.

"They come with noisy trampling,
Ten thousand little feet,
Each emulous to offer
The tribute money meet;
All wide awake the children are,
To build the ship, the Morning Star.

"They bring no dingy copper,
With green and cankered spot
But pure and precious silver,
Or choicer gold, I wot.
The very best we have — hurrah! —
To build the ship, the Morning Star."

In Wisconsin, one Sabbath school formed a "Morning Star Association." "Many a bright eye in my Sabbath school," said the pastor, "is already fixed upon the 'Morning Star,' and many hearts are eager to speed it on its way, that it may give light to the benighted islanders of the Pacific. May we not hope that this effort will prove the means by which many of these bright eyes at home will be led to look prayerfully and lovingly upon him who was predicted as the 'Star' which should 'arise out of Jacob,' and who said, 'I am the bright and morning Star'?"

And then "little Hatty's offering" came from

a distance in another direction — from Maine. Little Hatty had gone home to God, and her mother wrote, that many a time she had stood by her side to hear her read the "Songs for the Little Ones at Home;" and when she looked at the picture of the heathen mother throwing her little baby to the crocodile, with open jaws ready to devour it, the big tears would drop, her little bosom heave, and her lips tremble, as she exclaimed, "O mamma, send the Bible to the wicked woman." So her mother sent the money that little Hatty left, and called it "Hatty's offering," because she knew it would be what her dear child would have done herself.

Then we hear from one who playfully calls herself "a child almost eleven years old," though really she was nearly one hundred and eleven. She thought herself enough like a child to have stock also in the Morning Star. At the siege of Yorktown, in the days of the revolution, she was favorably noticed by Washington, because she was so active in relieving the wants of the weary, wounded soldiers, without fearing bullets, in that bloody scene. Her great-great-grandchild bought a share also with her.

A little boy was killed by a railroad car passing over him. He was a good child, and his parents said that one of the sweetest recollections of him was his love for the cause of mis-

sions. They thought if he could speak to them he would say, "I want to help build the Morning Star." So they sent the contents of his "savings bank," amounting to three dollars.

A letter was received from Illinois, enclosing eighty cents. A little boy and girl, whose mother was very poor indeed, were anxious to own shares, but they had scarcely food and clothing to be comfortable in the cold weather. By doing errands, the boy earned twenty cents, and then persevered in making out the same for his little sister, though obliged to do it without proper clothing in stinging cold weather. When the children brought the money, the boy said, "When I'm a man, I'm going to be a missionary, and perhaps I shall go out in that very vessel." The parents of these children are Roman Catholics. Another twenty of the cents was earned by a little girl for hemming handkerchiefs, and going without butter on her bread. "I never liked to hem handkerchiefs before," she said, "but I love to now, because I am doing it for the missionaries who go away so far to teach the Bible to the poor heathen."

The money came from all directions.

"Belovéd youth and children dear
Came with their little stores,
To build the ship with right good cheer,
And bless those distant shores."

Children from California, Oregon, — all the States of the Union, — sent in their funds to the Board; some of their abundance, others from the depths of poverty and want, but none willing to be left out.

The Sabbath school of Zion's Church, Montreal, sent a donation of twenty dollars to the Board. They would have sent more than this for the Morning Star, but the children in the States were too quick for them, and had paid for the vessel without their aid. So they thought they would send something to the Board. These children were Canadians, Scotch, English, foreigners to us, yet they wished to help.

Nor were these contributions confined to this country. In far-distant Turkey, a little son of a missionary at Tocat, when he saw a picture of the Morning Star, its design was explained, and he was told that the children were to own it themselves, said, "I wish to give some little moneys for the bootiful ship." So he sent one hundred paras — ten cents — to buy a share. Willie and his mother had a long conversation about it, and she told him that if God did not take care of the beautiful ship, it would, perhaps, be broken to pieces before it finished its long journey; but she thought he would take care of it, for many children would be sure to pray for it every day. Immediately little Willie

slipped off from her lap, where he had been sitting, and stealing softly to the sofa, knelt down, and whispered some words. Presently, coming back, he said, "There, I did pray." "What for, dear?" "For that nice ship. I did pray that it musn't break, and the good people that is in it be spilt in the water." Every night after, this simple petition in behalf of the Morning Star was added to his evening prayer. Literally, Willie's prayers and alms went up together, and without any doubt were "had in remembrance before God."

Another offering came with Willie's from two little native children, whose father had lived near the banks of the Euphrates. The first time they heard the story of the Morning Star, they came running directly, each with one hundred paras in his outstretched hand, and begged that it might be sent across the Atlantic "for the big ship," the like of which, they, living so far from the water, had never seen.

A missionary from Cesarea, in Syria, sent money, and with it a letter, saying, "We do not doubt that you can do the work yourselves; but there are some children away off here in Asia, who would like to help you. They attend our school and meeting, and study the New Testament; and have they not a right to join with American children in this good work? When

we told them they might, you do not know how their bright eyes sparkled! Some grown-up men and women wanted to help; but we said, 'No; it is the children's work.' Yet we did let one man give. His two children were twenty miles from home, and could not come to put in their money; but he was so anxious to give for them, that we could not refuse. Some of these children are very poor; but all were allowed to contribute as small a sum as half a cent, and even less."

In China, one of the missionaries proposed to his little son, seven years old, to go out among friends, and see what he could get for the good cause. He prepared a paper, and the boy, with his little sister of five, who begged that she might help too, went out and received contributions to the amount of one hundred dollars.

The Hawaiian Sabbath schools, too, must have a hand, at least, in the good work. Two of them in Kohala sent seventy dollars. Fifty of these "were earned, every farthing, by the children's own hands; some of it by getting up at two and three o'clock in the morning, and working by moonlight; and all done of their own free, voluntary choice."

In Hilo, the children gave liberally, and sent a request that the vessel might stop at their

island. They were very anxious to see the object so often described to them, and on which their hearts were set.

Many things beside money were given to the Morning Star. The children in Constantinople sent a speaking trumpet. That was to be used in hailing vessels which would be met out on the broad ocean. Some children in Boston sent a chest full of medicine, which, of course, would be very necessary if there was sickness on board. A Missionary Society in Chelsea sent a great pile of sheets and pillow slips. Another sent a large Bible, to be used in family worship. A lady in Boston gave a library worth one hundred and fifty dollars. A flag was sent from Rochester. One of the Sabbath schools in Boston bought a chronometer for the vessel, which cost one hundred and ninety dollars.

The contributions to the Morning Star came into the treasury in such abundance, that notice was given that no more was needed. But still the money came, until it amounted to full thirty thousand dollars. All that was not required for building the vessel was reserved for sailing it, and for repairs.

It has already been mentioned how much this undertaking of the children interested all classes of the people. Even in the stately halls of legislation it was not thought unworthy of notice.

The following is an extract from a very eloquent speech in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, delivered by T. H. Russell, Esq.: —

"Permit me, sir, to recall to the minds of the House a notable instance just transpired. A few days before we were assembled here, there lay at one of the wharves of this city a beautiful vessel, called the Morning Star. Let me say a word of her history. In the far-distant Pacific, some fifteen to seventeen thousand miles away by the usual sailing route, there is found a group of islands just now coming into notice, and known as the Micronesian group. They are inhabited by a race of savages, perhaps not much above the Hawaiians of fifty years ago. Now there were found, in New England, men, and women, too, who were willing to give their lives to the elevation, socially, civilly, and religiously, of these far-distant and poor people. But how to get there? Commerce does every thing, dares every thing, when gain allures. But these rude people had little about them to attract thither the ships of commerce. Some one suggests, 'Let us build a missionary ship.' But where are the means? The Board of gentlemen, who, just below us in Pemberton Square, preside over this magnificent charity, and who, this year, will disburse more than one third of a million of dollars of voluntary offerings, find already

the field too great for their harvesters. They can spare nothing.

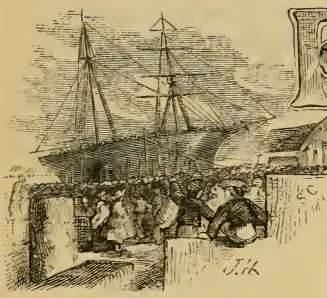
"'Let us,' says another, 'lay the burden on the shoulders of the little children.' The thought was the deed. The keel of the ship was laid on the shore of the Mystic, and while she was receiving form and symmetry, the word went out, 'The children are to build a missionary ship, and every child who can contribute a single dime may feel that it has a proprietary interest in the noble undertaking.' At once the little rills began to flow down from every hillside in New England; they came from the Middle, Southern, and Western States, the far-distant Territories, a little from over the border of Queen Victoria's dominions, and even the Choctaw Mission, and the poor remnant of Tuscarora Indians, did not fail in contributing their mites. It was supposed this ship would cost six, then ten, and finally twelve thousand dollars. How is it now in the treasury? As all these little gatherings poured in, they began to swell up, until there were eight, ten, twelve, eighteen, twenty-four thousand dollars; and though the good secretaries held up their hands, crying, 'Hold, enough,' no one could tell where it would end. The little ship was complete, her freight and all on board, and weeks ago she sailed away; and I doubt not that already the beams of that

beautiful constellation, the Southern Cross, are mildly shed on her; and I know that the prayers and blessings of the little proprietors are following her, like thousands of unseen angels, on her journey of Christian love. Yes, sir, *Christian love;* no atheism about it.

"One such fact is worth more to a soul that has a single hope or aspiration for man, to a heart that has a single pulsation in unison with the golden rule, than all that atheism has ever accomplished, or will, or can, in an eternity of ages."

CHAPTER III.

THE LAUNCH.



Launch of the Morning Star.

FOR the purpose of hastening the enterprise thus begun, contracts were speedily made for building the vessel. Her builder was Mr. Jotham Stetson, of Chelsea, near Boston. She was to be of one hundred and fifty tuns burden, and her model or form was one of great beauty. In about twelve weeks from the laying of the keel, she was ready to be launched. Many were the visits made to the ship-yard in Chelsea, while the work was in progress, by the young stockholders, who could scarcely wait to see it finished.

At last the day for launching came. Three or four thousand men, women, and children were assembled to see the vessel glide into the water. Every face was full of smiles; every body was happy. A stage had been built near

the bows of the vessel, and from that place one of the secretaries of the Board addressed the assembled multitude.

"You all know," he said, "that, a little while since, a missionary packet was found to be necessary for the good work among the islands of the Pacific. A circular was addressed to the children and youth, giving them the privilege of raising the twelve thousand dollars needed. That circular was sent through the land, and no sooner said than done, — HERE SHE IS, and will be launched in a few minutes. She is called the 'Morning Star.' Can you tell why? When that bright star comes up, it announces to all beholders that the great sun will soon lift up his head above the horizon. So when this beautiful packet shall approach and land the missionary and the word of God on one of the dark islands in that far-off ocean, it will be a sure sign that a new day is about to dawn, and the Sun of Righteousness soon to rise upon them."

The vast assembly then united in singing the Missionary Hymn, —

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

Prayer was next offered; after which, Rev. Mr. Langworthy said, "We want our young friends to keep quiet a few minutes longer, and

then they may swing their hats and wave their handkerchiefs, and shout at the top of their voices." He then alluded very pleasantly to their feelings on this joyful occasion, and hoped they would all consecrate themselves to the service of Him who died for their salvation. The doxology, —

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," —

was sung in the tune of Old Hundred.

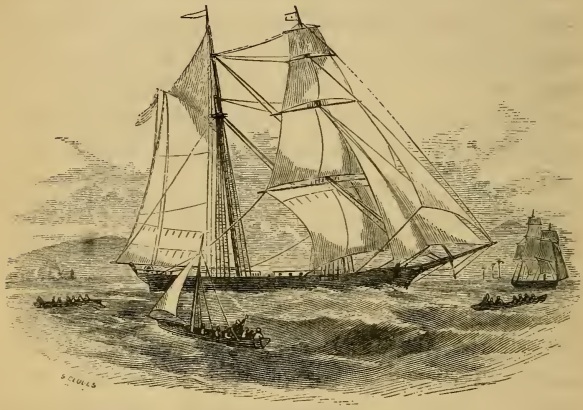
Now all had been said. Every eye was fixed on the beautiful little vessel that was just ready to take life and leap into the sea. The timbers which supported the forward part had all been taken away, and a number of wedges inserted under the hinder part. Several of the ship's carpenters stood near with great wooden hammers, and, when the order, "Wedge up," was given, every hammer came with full force on the wedges. After a few minutes the hammers ceased; the vessel moved off gracefully and beautifully; and when it touched the water, such a glorious "hurrah" burst forth as made the heavens and earth ring with the sound. Many old people stood around with tears in their eyes, and thought of the brighter day, which, through the instrumentality of this vessel, was to dawn upon the dark isles of the sea.

Among the incidents connected with the launch was the following, related by one who witnessed it : —

Among the carpenters employed to " wedge up " was an old man, who was seen to weep profusely, as he stood, top-maul in hand, waiting for the order. When it was given, his blows fell heavy and fast, while the tears chased each other down his weather-beaten face. Now the vessel starts — she begins to move — she glides away — and up go the shouts of happy hearts, while, leaning upon his top-maul, the old ship-carpenter, with closed eyes and uncovered head, wipes away the gushing tears. When the vessel was safely launched upon her own element, he reverently pronounced the word " Amen," replaced his hat, shouldered his top-maul, and disappeared among the crowd.

Before she sailed on her long voyage the Morning Star was furnished with every thing convenient as well as necessary. Should the little vessel meet with a storm at sea, and the wind " blow the sails all to ribbons," as the sailors say, she would want a new set to supply them. These, accordingly, were provided, all made ready for use, all carefully stowed away in a safe place. If the spars and ropes should be broken and lost, they must have more at hand. If they should lose their anchor, another,

with its great heavy flukes, was lying on deck close to the side of the vessel. Every thing that was necessary to keep her in trim was there.



THE MORNING STAR.

The library, which had been kindly given for the use of passengers and crew, was neatly arranged in its locker. The medicine chest, full of pills and potions, was in its place. The beautiful chronometer, which was to measure the time when far out on the wide ocean, hung in its box, ready for use. The speaking trumpet, that had come all the way from Constantinople, hung probably somewhere on deck; at any rate, it was in a handy place, and if a vessel should come in sight, "Ship, ahoy!" would

ring out of it, loud enough to be heard half a mile.

Provisions of all kinds had been carried on board, enough for a six months' voyage, and some to spare; for very often ships at sea are called upon to supply other vessels, which have been out longer than they expected; so vessels usually take more than they expect to use, that they may be able to supply others that need.

Well, when every thing was ready, and the Morning Star was about to sail, there was another gathering at India Wharf, Boston, where she lay. This was on the first day of December, 1856, at 10 o'clock A. M. The passengers and crew were all on board. The name of the captain was Samuel G. Moore, and the crew consisted of two mates, a steward, and six seamen. They were to carry out as passengers Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr., and his wife, destined to Micronesia, as missionaries. Mr. Bingham was the son of Rev. Hiram Bingham, one of the first company of missionaries who went to the Sandwich Islands, thirty-seven years before. He was born at Hawaii, but educated in this country. His father was present, and assisted in the services at the embarkation of his son. Mrs. Jackson, wife of the postmaster at Honolulu, with her little child, was also a passenger.

The day was very cold, and the ground covered with snow, but a large number of persons were present. First, the 72d Psalm was sung: —

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun."

Dr. Worcester, of Salem, made remarks, and told some interesting facts in regard to the "former times," when the first missionaries went out. Among other things, he said that the present king of the Sandwich Islands had never seen the gods his fathers worshiped until he saw some of them a few years ago, where many of the children have seen them, at the Missionary House in Boston. The people there have cast away their idols, and now worship the true God; and the Morning Star is sent to aid in bringing the people of many other islands to do the same. Dr. Worcester repeated the hymn, "Wake, isles of the south," which was written in 1819, on the occasion of the departure of the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, and was also sung in 1852, when the first missionaries to Micronesia were about to sail from Honolulu.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Bingham, Sen. He had seen great things, and could pray that his son might "see yet greater things than these." Then the last two verses of the Mis-

sionary Hymn were sung, and the congregation departed. The day was so far spent that it was thought advisable to defer the sailing until the next morning, the second day of December.

When the morning came the day was pleasant, and at 9 o'clock, after all had united in prayer, and the last farewells were said, the lines were cast off, and the missionary packet, Morning Star, with all her colors set, passed down the bay on her voyage to the Sandwich Islands.

THE MORNING STAR.

[From the Hammond Street Baptist Church, Bangor, Maine.]

Our silver and gold in the ship Morning Star
We've invested, expecting returns from afar;
The good ship is chartered for a very long run;
Her cargo's insured till her haven is won.
Rich, rich freight from far
She will bring back again, the ship Morning Star.

In fancy we see her: each snowy-white sail,
Like a fair silver wing floats out on the gale;
Joy waits her appearing, and welcoming smiles
Break over the face of the far-distant isles.
Brave, brave ship, all hail!
Thy keel on the deep leaves a bright, shining trail.

Away, like a bird, fly with wings light and free;
Thy home, Morning Star, is away on the sea;
Glad tidings of joy 'tis thy mission to bear;
They long for thy coming, in lands every where.
Lone, lone star, with thee
The love-light of heaven goes bounteous and free.

God speed thee, God help thee, we earnestly pray,
Safe on the wild ocean, by night and by day;
Oh, ne'er was a ship so wafted by prayer;
Our young, loving hearts for thy safety shall care.
Speed, speed on thy way,
Till the Morning Star pales in the Sun's golden ray.

CHAPTER IV.

VOYAGE TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The Helmsman.

AT 10 o'clock A. M. on the second day of December, 1856, the Morning Star left the wharf at Boston. A few friends were present, and, after uniting in prayer, the last farewells were said; then the ropes were cast off, and, with her sails all spread, and her colors flying, the little vessel took her course down the harbor with a fair wind. The numerous islands in the bay were soon left behind. At 3 o'clock the pilot was discharged, and the voyage of twelve thousand miles was begun.

When the night came on, there were symptoms of a storm. There was a dense fog, with occasional showers of rain and snow. Every thing betokened a severe gale, and the captain was anxious to get into a harbor. It was a rather hard night for the little packet to com-

mence her voyage; and it would not be surprising if the passengers, as they tossed about on the waves, wished themselves on shore. The next day the storm continued, and, not being able to reach a harbor, she was anchored, and lay in great danger through the night. A large bark and schooner anchored near them.

When the third day dawned, they found that both the other vessels were ashore, while the Morning Star lay easy, rising buoyantly on the big waves, as they rolled, one after another, against her sharp, polished stem. All on board felt that God's protecting care had been about them, as they looked at the other vessels, and saw the great waves dashing over them, and felt thankful to him who had kept them safely. I think, surely, that dear little Willie's prayer, at Tocat, "that the nice ship mustn't break, and the good people be spilled in the water," was now answered. He who holds the winds and waves in his hand can hear the prayers of a little child. He says he is "our Father;" and no one can tell how much the course of events is influenced in this world by the supplications of the little ones who repeat those sweet words, as they kneel before him.

The wind continued to blow hard for several days, but, with the aid of a tow-boat, they succeeded in getting out to sea; then, making all

sail, they flew before the wind like a bird let loose from its prison, and ere nightfall, the land had entirely disappeared.

In the evening Mr. Bingham and Captain Moore agreed upon a method of conducting the religious services on board, which was to be observed during the voyage. At 9 o'clock on Sabbath morning the exercises were to consist in singing, prayer, reading the Scriptures, and a brief exhortation, or appropriate remarks. Daily prayers were to be attended in the morning, and soon after tea at night. On all these occasions the ship's crew were invited to be present.

On the following Sabbath nearly all hands were assembled. With but a small supply of hymn books, they succeeded very well in singing "God is the refuge of his saints." Mr. Bingham preached from the text, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Captain Moore offered prayer, and the exercises were closed with the doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The worship of God on the Sabbath was now fairly begun, and was, throughout the voyage, attended with a manifest divine blessing.

In a few days they entered the Gulf Stream, which is one of the most wonderful things in the world. It is *a river in the ocean*, many miles wide, flowing from the Gulf of Mexico, north-

ward, along the American coast, toward the Northern Ocean. The water of the Stream is much warmer than the ocean, and the color of it is indigo blue. So distinct is it from the surrounding ocean, that sometimes one half of a vessel is seen floating in this, while the other is in the common sea-water. Rain, hail, thunder, and lightning are more frequent in the Gulf Stream than other places in the ocean, and sailors are generally glad to escape from it.

They were now favored with a fair wind and good weather. The vessel proved to be a fine sailer, and usually ran ahead of other vessels that it met. The passengers found the accommodations very comfortable, and the captain a kind, good man. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham suffered very much for several weeks from seasickness. This is usually the case with all who are not accustomed to the sea, and is far from being an agreeable introduction to sea life.

A lady, who has crossed the ocean, describes it as "that disgust of existence which begins to come over a person soon after sailing — a strange, mysterious sensation, that makes every heaving billow, every white-capped wave, the ship, the people, the sight, taste, sound, and smell of every thing, a matter of irrepressible loathing. Those who go on board in high spirits, full of life and conversation, soon grow white

around the mouth, and are obliged to yield to the mysterious spell. Others in ten minutes are going to die, are sure they shall die, and don't care if they do. Every thing to be done, however small, is a burden. To arouse one's self to go upon deck is next to impossible; but it is far better to make the effort than to stay below, where every one else is in the same predicament."

An occasional flying-fish, as it skimmed over the blue waves to escape immediate destruction from a voracious enemy, only to fall again into the jaws of death, served to attract a few moments' attention, from the monotonous watching of the ever-rolling waves. If perchance it fell upon the vessel's deck, it was speedily caught up, and converted by the cook into a tempting bit for the seasick passengers. Occasionally a passing vessel also afforded a little variety.

The weather continued fair, and the Morning Star soon entered the torrid zone, crossed the equator, and passed around Cape St. Roque, which is the eastern point of South America. As they drew near the coast of Brazil, the green fields and hills presented a beautiful appearance. Rafts, and flat-bottomed boats, which the sailors call *catamarans*, were seen gliding backward and forward over the smooth sea.

When they arrived off Rio de Janeiro, it was

found, on a careful examination, that some repairs were necessary; so it was determined to stop for a few days at that port. This, the captain knew, would take time and money; but he thought his young owners would prefer this sacrifice, rather than that they should attempt to go around Cape Horn in a damaged condition. Cape Horn is always a dangerous place, and a vessel needs to be sound and strong to insure a safe passage; so their course was changed, and a fresh breeze springing up, the Morning Star sailed gracefully along into the Bay of Rio.

The rough sailor often stands in silent admiration on the deck of his vessel, as he enters this magnificent harbor, and views the scenery before him. As far up the bay as the eye can reach, little green islands, scattered here and there, rise above the water, covered with palms and other tropical verdure; while on either side are ranges of mountains with lofty peaks, extending far back into the country. As you proceed, the great city comes into view, built upon seven green hills, which give it the title of "Modern Rome;" while fresh with the land breeze comes the rich perfume of the orange and other flowers, more sweet than even from Ceylon's spicy shores.

Rio is situated on the west side of the bay.

Its churches and cathedrals, its towers and steeples, its granite houses and red-tiled roofs, its white walls and its aqueducts, give it very much the appearance of an Eastern city. It contains, with its suburbs, about 300,000 inhabitants.

When the Morning Star anchored, she was visited by the custom house and health officers. As there was no sickness on board, the ship's company were allowed to go on shore at pleasure. Captain Moore procured a carpenter and blacksmith, who soon repaired the broken spar. The passengers availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the city, where they were kindly treated, and were favored with a delightful ride into the country. This was very refreshing, after the sickness and fatigues of their long voyage.

At Rio, four of the crew, in consequence of some dissatisfaction, left the vessel, and others were obtained to take their places. It is earnestly hoped that the good seed which had been sown in their hearts, watered by heavenly dews, may bring forth much fruit to the glory of God.

When the repairs were finished, and the regulations of the port complied with, the Morning Star weighed anchor, and proceeded on her voyage. They soon passed the great river Rio de la Plata, which can be traced many miles out to sea by the mud which is brought down in its waters from the country and deposited in the ocean.

On the following Sabbath, all but four of the crew attended the morning service. Most of the new hands did not converse in English, but they listened with apparent interest. At the monthly concert which was held that evening, some of them expressed a willingness to receive Bibles. Mr. Bingham took five, and distributed them in the forecastle, writing in each the name of the person to whom he gave it. At the same time he pressed upon them the text of his morning's discourse, "Search the Scriptures," and promised his assistance in helping them to understand them. In his journal Mr. Bingham adds, "Oh that the Holy Spirit would bless us with his presence! Shall it be that the whole voyage will pass away, and none of these precious souls be led to Christ? May I be more faithful, more earnest for the salvation of my fellow-men, and for the honor of my Redeemer."

Off the Falkland Islands they lay becalmed for several days. Here every thing was made ready for going around Cape Horn. On the 13th of February they experienced the first gale since leaving Cape Cod, and were obliged to "lie to" for twenty-four hours. The little vessel rode out the storm finely. On the 21st they were scudding before a fresh breeze, and on the lookout for Staten Land.

Again a heavy gale came on. Judging that

they were near the Straits, they "hove to." Toward evening the clouds parted, and the snow-capped mountains of Terra del Fuego rose up, glistening in the rays of the setting sun. By night the gale was at its hight; the ocean was one sheet of foam, and the birds, gathering under the lee of the vessel, danced and gabbled as if congratulating themselves on having found so good a resting place.

The rough, bleak islands of this region abound with birds of many kinds. As you pass along at a distance from them, you can see the rocks lined with long rows of what seem to be white stones, much resembling fences. These are rows of penguins, standing erect, like soldiers in battle array. These singular birds have a bill and webbed feet, but neither wings nor feathers. Instead of wings, they have flippers, like a seal; and for feathers they have a sort of scales, intermediate between feathers and fins. The head and back are brown, the under parts white. With their heads erect, and their flippers, or arms, hanging down, they look like so many children with white aprons.

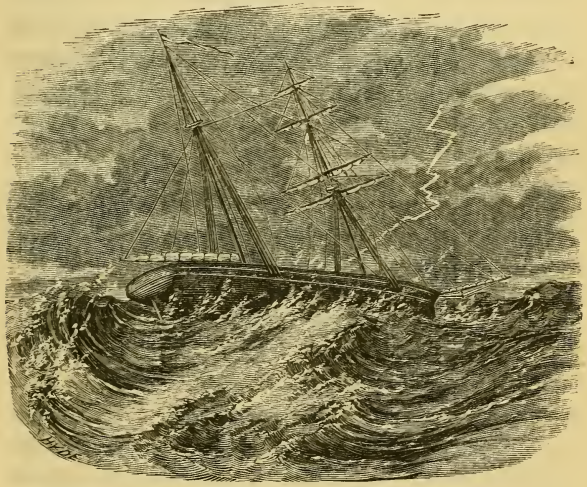
Passing rapidly onward, the Morning Star soon reached San Diego and the Strait of Le Maire. The breeze from the north-west blew more freshly, and the vessel dashed through the

Strait at the rate of eleven knots an hour. The shores were mostly frightful precipices, overhanging the waves. Now and then a puff of wind, sweeping down through some mountain gorge, caused the vessel to careen far to leeward; then recovering herself, she sped onward as though in haste to escape from the dangers surrounding her. At the foot of a precipice, a dark cave added to the wildness of the scene; while a little farther on, a small stream of water, fed by the never-failing snows of the hights above, came brawling down the cliffs, and was lost in a rocky valley below.

At length, on Tuesday afternoon, February 24, a rocky bluff, high in air, appeared on the starboard bow. It was the world-renowned, oft-dreaded, bleak and stormy Cape Horn! The weather, however, was now mild, and the lady passengers appeared on deck with their portfolios and pencils to take a sketch of it. At the east of the Cape were Deceit Rocks, standing detached from the shore, like grim sentinels, as if to forbid approach. In the north-west appeared peak after peak, so completely covered with snow as to resemble huge icebergs rising from the waves. It was a sublime scene, and could not but impress upon all beholders the power and grandeur of the great Creator of all.

The day passed pleasantly, and the sun

gently sunk in the west, making the dark clouds resplendent with its golden light. Before going into his berth Captain Moore looked at the barometer, and saw that the mercury was falling rapidly. This indicated a storm. All hands were called to shorten sail, that they might not be caught unprepared, when suddenly the vessel was struck by a *white squall.*



THE MORNING STAR IN A STORM.

For a few moments its fury threatened to carry every thing away — sails, spars, masts, and all. The men who had been sent up to furl the topsails gave up in despair, and came down.

They were encouraged to try again, and this time succeeded. For three hours the wind blew with a force that can not be described, and drove the vessel back into the Atlantic Ocean. Before midnight, however, the fury of the storm had passed, and a dead calm followed.

The gale was succeeded by favorable winds, under which they soon recovered the ground they had lost. On the 1st of March the vessel's prow was turned northward, and the dreaded Cape was regarded as passed. They were now in the broad Pacific, and the weather became increasingly pleasant. Reading, and writing journals and letters for the friends at home, occupied the attention of the passengers. One morning, before breakfast, as Mr. and Mrs. Bingham were walking on deck, five large, snow-white birds, called albatrosses, hovered near the vessel. A line with a baited hook was thrown out, but they would not bite it. After breakfast, however, one of them was captured, and when brought on board, a string was tied around his beak, and he was allowed to walk about the deck. All were much interested in watching the awkward motions of the bird. Another was caught which measured ten feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other, being four inches larger than the first. The second bird furnished a fine dish for dinner, in taste resembling veal.

An examination of the hold of the vessel, about this time, enabled Mr. Bingham to ascertain the condition of some of his goods. "My poor shower bath," he says, "has been badly crushed. Two barrels of flour were discovered, which had hitherto escaped detection; also the cranberries, concerning which frequent inquiries had been made by those who relished them. They have proved quite a treat. The long-looked-for barrel of tongues was also discovered. The barrel of hams still conceals itself, as also does the box of lemons. Our potatoes failed shortly after passing Cape Horn. There is naturally much uniformity in our meals, of late. We ought to be willing, and I trust we are, to deny ourselves many things, if thereby we can spare the Lord's treasury."

In a few weeks our voyagers arrived in the region of the "Equatorial Doldrums." "What a funny word is this!" I hear my young readers exclaiming. *Doldrums* is a word which the sailors use to denote those parts of the sea where the weather is constantly changing. "Here," says Captain Moore, "we find light winds and calms, clouds and rain. The air is very oppressive; passengers can not stay in the cabin because it is so hot, nor on deck because it is so wet. At one moment all is still; the next, the sky is darkened, the thunder roars,

the lightnings chase each other through the clouds, and light up the gloom of the night. Then comes the rain like an avalanche, forcing itself almost into the very pores of the skin. The passengers rush to the cabin, but the air below is so stifling, that they are glad to get on deck again." These are not very delightful regions, as you may well suppose, and the sailors are always glad when they have got through them.

The Morning Star was now drawing near the end of her voyage. It had, on the whole, been a pleasant one. The health of all on board had been good, with one or two exceptions. The missionaries felt that their mercies abounded; but the greatest of all was the presence of the Holy Spirit, which had been among them. The owners of the missionary packet sent her out to do good. Many of them, like little Willie, had prayed that she and all her crew might be preserved safely, and many more had prayed for God's blessing to descend upon her. They will be glad, therefore, I am sure, to know that a precious revival was enjoyed among the sailors during their long voyage.

Before passing Cape Horn, little religious interest had been felt by the men. Mr. Bingham had been among them daily, and sought opportunities of conversing with them upon the great

theme of salvation by Christ. He gave them tracts and books calculated to impress upon their minds their lost condition. He preached regularly on the Sabbath, had sustained, with the aid of the captain, daily prayers in the cabin, and was unwearied in his efforts to do them good.

Captain Moore was a truly pious man, and occasional remarks from him had been listened to with interest by his crew. He was disposed to give them every opportunity for the enjoyment of religious privileges. But they were very irregular in their attendance upon the Sabbath services, as well as the daily prayers.

After the vessel entered the Pacific, the seed sown began to take root, the attendance became more regular, and greater solemnity was evident among them. They were willing to converse about their salvation, and could be seen on the Sabbath seated here and there, reading their Bibles. The first and second officers had hope in Christ, but were living away from God and duty. Two of the sailors, a Swede and a Norwegian, were members of a Lutheran church, and gave good evidence of love to Christ, and some time before the close of the voyage, had spent half an hour each evening in learning to read the English Bible with Mrs. Bingham. Their influence among the sailors was good.

At length a young Catholic Spaniard began

earnestly to inquire the way of salvation, and seemed honestly desirous of becoming a disciple of Jesus. An English sailor expressed his full determination to serve Christ, and indulged hope. The steward, too, thought he had fully decided upon a life of piety. The missionaries feared that he was trusting to his good works, and were pained afterward to know that the intoxicating cup was too often his companion.

Among the crew were two men from New England. One of these had called himself a Christian many years; but now he gave up his hope, and sought and found the Saviour. The other, for several weeks, was in a very tender state of mind, and at length gave good evidence of having obtained pardon for his sins. The conversion of the carpenter, an Englishman, was very remarkable. During the first part of the voyage he was one of the most profane among the crew. Gradually he became interested in the religious services, and for many weeks attended upon the preaching of the word, which, he says, led him to see his danger, and that salvation is by Christ alone. When the vessel arrived at Honolulu, many weeks had passed since his last oath.

On the last Sabbath of the voyage, he gave Mr. Bingham a letter, in which he thanked him for all his labors, and begged him to pray for

him. He said, "I thought I knew what happiness was before I came to this ship, but I find I was laboring under a wrong impression. You have convinced me so; my Bible tells me so; and now my heart tells me so. I have considered well my past life; I know not when my soul will be required of me, and I will delay no longer. I was in utter darkness before I heard you preach, and I beg you to accept my grateful thanks for all your instructions."

On Sabbath morning, April 12, a meeting was held in the cabin, in which the captain, second officer, carpenter, and five sailors all took part, and all but one professed hope in Christ. The missionaries felt that it was a most interesting season, and their hearts overflowed with gratitude. God had blessed their efforts, and, like Paul, given them "the hearts of those that sailed with them."

One bright morning, near the latter part of April, was seen, towering far above the clouds, the snow-capped summit of Mauna Loa, the highest land on the Island of Hawaii. For some days our voyagers had been on the lookout, and their joy at the sight can be better imagined than described. Being favored with the trade winds, the Morning Star sped rapidly onward. Captain Moore had intended to stop at Hilo, on account of the sickness of his mate; but after

visiting him with Mr. Bingham, and finding him better, he gave orders to bear away for Oahu.

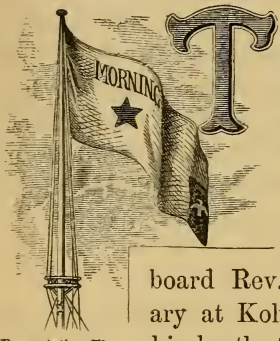
Passing the north-east shore of Hawaii, they soon saw the mountains of Maui. A large white building on this island they recognized as the Wailuku Seminary for native girls. Very few other buildings could be discovered. Next, Molokai appeared, and our voyagers enjoyed the exquisite scenery, as they sailed along its northern shore. Thirteen cascades were in view at the same time, and some native houses at the foot of a majestic precipice.

The wind died away, and left the Morning Star becalmed for the night in the channel between Molokai and Oahu. Mr. Bingham saw the sun set gorgeously behind the land of his birth, and could hardly realize that he was so near it again. In the night, the ocean current carried them far to the south-west, nor were they the next day able, in consequence of the light winds, to reach the anchorage. On the following morning the winds were more favorable. The winding shores, lined with cocoanut trees, seemed to smile a welcome, as they glided along toward the promontory of Diamond Head. Soon the little town of Honolulu, with its tapering spires and white cottages, peeped out from among the trees, and our vessel sailed gayly up, and cast anchor in the harbor.

The voyage had been safely made. No accident had befallen them. The little vessel, which they had made their home one hundred and forty-two days, had been all they could have wished. As they passed into port, the hearts of our missionaries overflowed with gratitude for all these proofs of the kindness and love of their heavenly Father, more especially as God's Spirit had already blessed their labors, and blaspheming, hardened sailors, as bad as the heathen themselves, had become disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, and were ready to show forth his praise to the native islanders in these far-off lands.

CHAPTER V.

ARRIVAL AT HONOLULU. — THE MARQUESAS.



Presentation Flag.

THE arrival of the Morning Star at Honolulu had been looked for with much interest. When she entered the harbor, another vessel was lying there becalmed, having on board Rev. Mr. Bond, a missionary at Kohala. As he lay sick in his berth, the captain went to him, saying that a little brig was approaching, and described its appearance. "*It is she!*" said the missionary; "there is nothing like it in these waters." Sickness was forgotten at once, and he found himself on deck. One look told him all. Like a thing of life and beauty she appeared with nearly her full complement of snow-white sails, sitting so gracefully on the water, — it surely could be no other! "Beautiful," he exclaimed. "Nani," said the ninety native passengers all at once. "Nani loa" — Very beautiful!

With unmingled admiration they scanned

her elegant proportions, her stern so neatly turned, her graceful prow, her modest but significant figure head, her perfect lines, her tall and tapering masts. Suddenly, as she drew near, a flag was thrown out to the gentle breeze which appeared to come along with her, and from her main-topmast head those magic words, "Morning Star," were visible to their excited gaze! Assurance now was made doubly sure, and from the ninety throats were poured three as hearty cheers of welcome as were ever uttered.

As soon as she reached the wharf, she was thronged with people eager to examine her, and, "Hi moku maikai!" — Beautiful vessel! — was the universal exclamation.

Mr. Bond thus wrote to the Missionary House, Boston: —

"In laying the Morning Star upon God's altar, the dear children have brought an offering without spot or blemish. To our eyes, she is, in all her parts, a perfect specimen of naval architecture. We were especially impressed with the exceeding neatness of her cabin arrangements. All honor to her builders.

"For the dear children who so generously provided the funds necessary for her construction I felt a glow of exulting pride, as we surveyed their splendid offering to the cause of the Redeemer. What can not these hosts of little ones

accomplish, with God's blessing, thought I, in the noble enterprise of saving the nations from death! And I felt no slight pleasure in the thought that *we*, too, the children of Kohala, had devoted ninety dollars to purchase stock in this 'Star of hope.'

"I made my report of the missionary packet yesterday, to my Sabbath school and people. Every word of it was eagerly swallowed. But let none of her little owners forget, that to crown this blessed enterprise with full success, they must steadily follow her with their prayers, as she traverses the ocean on her errand of love. Money alone will not do. Prayer only can bring the blessing of God upon the noble offering they have made for his service. Let every certificate of stock remind them of this.

"How many among our little friends are ready to promise to pray daily for the Morning Star?"

The children had assembled in Boston when the Morning Star was launched, and the children gathered at Honolulu when she reached that port. Preparations had been made to present her a flag, and the ceremony came off shortly after her arrival. The children of the Sabbath schools assembled at their respective churches, and marched two and two to the wharf. Their number, including children and

adults, could not have been less than three or four thousand — a strange spectacle for Honolulu. Chiefs and people, rich and poor, were all there.

The little vessel was moored to the wharf in full view of the crowd. Her majesty, the queen, occupied a conspicuous position. The king was absent from the island; if he had been in town, he would have honored the occasion with his presence.

Immediately after the banner was presented, and before Captain Moore could finish his reply, the multitude gave cheer after cheer as the signal was seen floating from the mast head. "Hurrah!" Foreigners and natives, men, women, and children, old and young, all joined in the "Hurrah!" The banner was about twenty feet long and twelve feet wide. A star was directly under the center of the word "Morning." A dove was placed in the lower corner, at the right hand. The groundwork was of white bunting, and the emblems of sky blue.

Addresses were made by Rev. R. Armstrong in presenting the banner, and by Captain Moore in reply, Hon. John Ii, Rev. S. C. Damon, and Rev. Mr. Bingham, Jr., who went out in the packet. Three hymns were sung; one in the native language is here presented, with the translation: —

THE MORNING STAR.

Ka Hokuao,
He Kamahao,
He nani maoli no,
He lama no na aina a pau,
E pau ka hewa, pau ka po,
O Jesu no,
Ka Hokuao,
Ka hoku wanaao.

The Morning Star,
The beautiful,
The truly splendid Star,
A light to shine on every land,
To banish sin and woe from man,
Our Jesus is —
The Morning Star,
The Star of early dawn.

Ka hae Hoku,
Manu nuuu,
E kau iluna no,
E lele no mai o a o,
Kahea i ko na aina pau,
E huli no
E olu pu
Jesu ka Hokuao.

The banner Star,
The flying Dove,
Oh, let them fly aloft;
Oh, let them fly from land to land,
And call to men of every name
To turn and live,
Together live
Through Christ, the Morning Star.

O holo no,
A holo mau,
Ka moku "Hoknaɔ,"
E hai i ke aloha o kakou,
I ko na aina naaupo.
Aloha no
Aloha mau
I loko o Jesu.

Then sail away
The Star of day,
The schooner Morning Star;
Proclaim the love of all your hearts
To islanders in Nature's night;
Or cordial love,
Unchanging love,
In our redeeming God.

E lawe no,
Ka "Hokuao,"
Na kumu a kakou,
I na pae ainu naaupo,
I kanaka pouli no,
E kau ka hae,
E kahea ae
I kanaka a pau.

Then take hence far
The Morning Star,
Our messenger of peace,
To all the groups that have no light,
To all the tribes in sin and night,
Let Star and Dove
Show peace and love
To men of every name.

The following hymn was written by Mrs. M. D. Strong, and sung by the children at Honolulu, on the presentation of the banner: —

THE MISSIONARY PACKET.

We hail thy bright sails gleaming
On this far-distant strand,
Thou "Star," whose welcome beaming
Shall lighten every land.
We hail thee, gladly sharing
In this blest work of love,
Our bannered offering bearing,
The Star and peaceful Dove.

Go, bear our youthful brother
The Saviour's love to tell,
Where many a heathen mother
And dark-souled father dwell;
Go, cheer our loved ones toiling
'Neath Micronesian skies,
And where, from blue waves rolling,
Marquesan shores arise, —

Till, 'mid the sunny highlands,
And o'er the valleys green,
Of all our tropic islands,
The dawn of light is seen;
And news of grace surprising,
Glad tidings from afar,
Attend the glorious rising
Of this our Morning Star.

The white waves curl before thee —
God shield thee on the deep!
Their tireless vigils o'er thee
May hovering angels keep!
Our blended prayers, ascending,
Thine ocean-path shall mark,
To God each day commending
Our consecrated bark.

Here follows a part of a letter from Mr. Coan, another missionary at the Sandwich Islands, which my young readers will like to see: —

"What an impulse the building and sailing of that little sea-bird produced! The action touched a chord which vibrates through the land. What gives such moral power and sublimity to that little vessel? Her name is a charm, but it is *derived*. It suggests the dawn of creation, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. It calls to memory the music of that voice which said, 'I am the bright and Morning Star.' But the *object*, the *errand*, of that little bark is its glory. Our western waters are plowed by the ships of the greatest monarchs; in our harbors float the flags of the most renowned nations; but to those who love the Redeemer's cause, this little vessel, bearing the banner of our Eternal King, and waving the emblems of the Prince of Peace, has more significance than all the commercial, scientific, and warlike marines on earth.

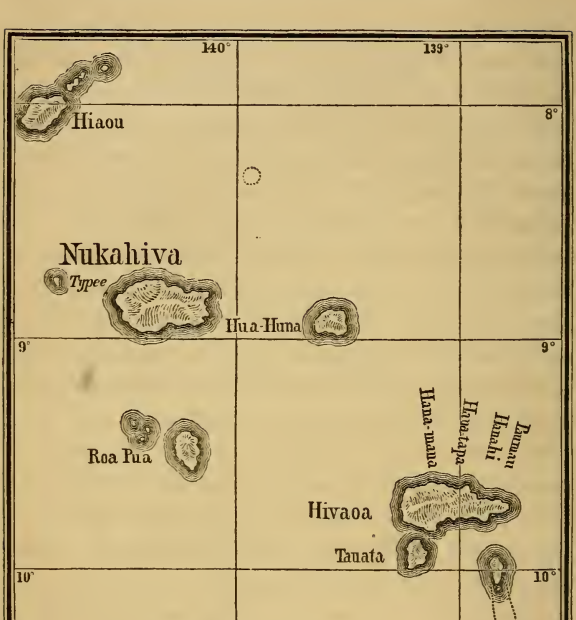
"How delightful to think of the multitudes of young hearts which beat high in hopes for that missionary packet!"

Before the arrival of the Morning Star, the Hawaiian Missionary Society had determined to send it immediately with supplies to the Marquesan mission, where they were much needed.

Thus the vessel was to be put right to work, which, we suppose, is no more than her owners expected; and while Captain Moore and his men are putting her in order again, after her six months' voyage, and taking in the needful supplies, we will give some account of the people whom she was now destined to visit.

Far away in the Pacific Ocean, south of the equator, and more than a thousand miles from Hawaii, are several islands clustered together, called the "Marquesas." The names of the principal are, Fatuhiva, Hivaoa, Nukahiva, Hiaou, and Fetouhouhou. These are not coral islands,—built on coral rocks,—but, like the Hawaiian, rise in peaks two or three thousand feet above the ocean. The circumstances which led to the formation of the mission at these islands are very interesting.

Many years ago, a vessel stopped at Fatuhiva to trade with the natives and get fruit. When it left, Puu, a native of Hawaii, was left behind, sick. He was treated kindly, and even admitted to their councils of war. His knowledge of the manners and customs of European nations made him not only a welcome visitor, but a valuable councilor. Matunui, the High Chief, as he was called, received him into his family, gave him his daughter for a wife, and made him a chief of the tribe.



MAP OF MARQUESAS ISLANDS.

When asked how he had obtained so much knowledge, he replied, "Missionaries plenty at Lahaina; speak to man. 'Spose you have missionaries here, you be all same me — know plenty all things." From this, Matunui under-

stood that if he could get missionaries to come and live on his islands, they would teach his people the arts of civilized life.

Early in 1853, with the consent of his chiefs, he embraced the first opportunity, and with Puu, his son-in-law, embarked for Lahaina. His request for missionaries was laid before the Hawaiian Missionary Society. He urged that at least one white missionary might go back with him; but if that could not be, he would take two or three native preachers or teachers, and requested that the American Board would send a good man to them as soon as convenient.

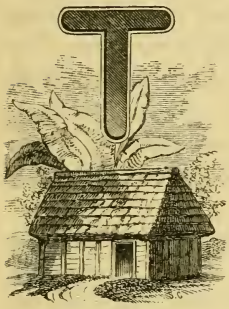
The Hawaiian Society felt that this call was from God, and that they must not send the chief back alone. So, after considering the matter, they decided to send two native Hawaiian preachers to reside on his islands, and one of the American missionaries temporarily, to assist in making a beginning. Several persons were anxious to go. At length two native pastors were chosen — Rev. James Kekela and Rev. Samuel Kawealoha, with their wives; and two native teachers — Mr. Lot Kuaihelani, and Isaia Kaiwi, with their wives. Rev. B. W. Parker was to go with them, and aid them with his advice and assistance. Mr. Bicknell, a pious English mechanic at Honolulu, volunteered to accompany the mission. A vessel was chartered

to carry the whole company with Matunui and his suite to Fatuhiva, and return with Mr. Parker.

In due time these devoted missionaries reached their destination, and commenced their work with favorable prospects. Afterward letters were received from them at Honolulu, describing their labors, and asking for assistance, especially in supplies of clothing, and other necessaries of living. They had been reduced to great want, and it was imperatively necessary to send them relief as soon as possible. No time, therefore, was to be lost, and on the arrival of the Morning Star, it was determined that she should be forthwith dispatched on this errand.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST VOYAGE TO THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS.



Mr. Kekela's House.

THE Morning Star had been but one week at Honolulu when she was all ready for sea again. Captain Moore and his men did not allow themselves much time for rest and sight-seeing; every body was anxious to relieve the poor suffering missionaries at the Marquesas, and all haste was made to get the vessel off. There were passengers to go, as well as provisions to be procured. Rev. Mr. Kaukau and wife were to reënforce the mission, and Chief Namakeha and Rev. Mr. Emerson went as delegates from the Hawaiian Missionary Society; J. E. Chamberlain, Esq., was also a passenger.

On the 1st day of May, 1857, the Morning Star set sail for the Marquesas. After a pleasant run of thirty-six hours the wind failed, and she lay becalmed several days under the high land of Hawaii. This was much like being in

the Equatorial Doldrums. Now was a calm, and then a squall; sometimes the wind was east, sometimes west or south. At length they got away from under the high land, and passed slowly along until the 15th, when they were becalmed several days more. This was very trying to them, as they thought of the suffering missionaries to whom they were sent.

On the 20th a curious cloud appeared in the heavens, rising from the sea like a huge oak tree with wide-spread branches. Mr. Emerson called it Quercus Australis, or the Southern Oak.

The unfavorable winds and strong westerly current in the ocean rendered the voyage unusually long, and it was not until the last day of the month that the cry of "Land, ho!" rung out from the maintop. This was Hiaou, the most northern island in the group, but not the one to which they were first to go; so the little vessel went on, not even stopping to pay her respects, and the following morning passed Nukahiva, where the French governor resides. Twenty-four hours after, they drew near to Hivaoa, but for two days, heavy squalls of wind and rain rendered a landing very unsafe.

The 1st of June found them at anchor off Hivaoa, and though the winds blew, and the vessel tossed about, the regular monthly con-

cert of prayer was observed on board. At the close of the meeting, which had been a very interesting one, the usual collection amounted to thirty dollars and fifty cents, which was more than many a one taken up that same evening in Christian lands.

The Island of Hivaoa is twenty-two miles long and seven miles broad. The mission had been commenced here in a very interesting manner, about a year previous to the visit of the Morning Star. An old warrior of Hivaoa called upon the missionaries at Fatuhiva, where they had at first settled, and urged them, or at least one of them, to come to his island and teach him and his people the way of life. They considered it a Macedonian call, and made haste to obey it. Three of them went to Hivaoa, and, after looking about among the people, they believed it would be a far more inviting field than Fatuhiva. Mr. Bicknell concluded to remain at once, and two others decided to come as soon as they could remove their goods. No conveyance offered for several months. At last Messrs. Kekela and Kawealoha reached the island and commenced their labors, but Kekela's goods still remained in Fatuhiva. Three stations were commenced at Hivaoa, on the north side of the island, viz., Paumau Bay, Hanahi, and Hanamana.

Captain Moore did not know the exact location of these stations, but expected to find them somewhere on the north side of the island. The sailing along the shores of these islands being dangerous, the vessel proceeded cautiously, lest she might strike some hidden coral reef. On the afternoon of the 3d of June, being close to the shore, three houses were seen about four miles off, at the head of a bay. The sea was very rough, and the landing looked difficult; but thinking that those houses might be the station they sought, a boat was lowered, and Mr. Emerson and Chief Namakeha were rowed toward the shore. The boat was an old whale boat, and leaked badly; but with a bucket and a sailor's *boot*, they managed to keep out the water pretty well.

As they drew near the shore a canoe came out to meet them, filled with naked and tattooed men, looking wild enough. Mr. Emerson hailed them, and inquired for Mr. Kekela, the missionary. They pointed to the land. Then he asked for Mr. Bicknell, and again they pointed to the land in another direction. They cheerfully consented to pilot the way to the shore, and as their canoe was so crowded, one of them proposed to get into Mr. Emerson's. Plunging head first into the water, he soon scrambled up the side of the boat without any

ceremony; then, squatting himself down, he sat entirely naked, though he did not seem to know it, and rowed away with all his might. The surf beat so heavily on the shore, that, in spite of all the natives could do, Mr. Emerson and his party took a pretty good sprinkling.

Before reaching the shore it was ascertained that the houses they had seen were occupied by foreigners who were Papists; and when the party landed, the priests stood in front, apparently waiting to receive them. It appeared that they were expecting a vessel about this time, and seeing the Morning Star in the distance, supposed it to be the one, and came out to receive their friends. Mr. Kekela, too, was on the lookout, and he arrived at the beach just as the boat came up. His warm embrace and hearty greeting, surrounded by more than a hundred natives, gave the priests reason to think that these were not the friends they were expecting, and they immediately retired.

But how came these Roman Catholic priests on that remote island? The French authorities at Tahiti had for some time previous to this claimed possession of the whole Marquesan group, but did not at first oppose the establishment of a Protestant mission there. A few days after the landing of the missionaries, however, a French brig anchored at Hivaoa.

The commander, attended by a Romish priest, came on shore, and had a long interview with Matunui and his chiefs. They demanded that the missionaries should be sent back to Hawaii, and asserted the claim of the French to the islands. Matunui denied it. "No," he said, "this land is not yours. There never was a Frenchman born on Fatuhiva. These teachers are good, and must not be sent back; and now we want more teachers from America. But the land is not yours; it is our own."

The priest spent several days there, going from house to house, and distributing presents. With him came two teachers, who had been some time at the islands. These he stationed in the same valley with the Protestant teachers, and promised soon to send a French priest from Tahiti, to aid them in their work; which he did.

After the priest left the island, several who had received his presents and professed to be his followers became friendly to the missionaries, and attended upon their instructions; others went back to heathenism. The natives generally did not seem to think that these Papists were very good Christians. "How different," said one, "is the spirit of these *peace-making missionaries* from that of our priest! He was so passionate, and all the time threat-

ening to call in the aid of the governor, or send for a ship of war, if we did not obey him!" Another said, that if the priest came back he should have nothing to do with him, except to give him back a few chickens left in his care. This, we suppose, was to show the priest that he could be honest, though he did not believe in his religion.

Great was the joy of Kekela at the sight of the Morning Star. It appeared when most needed. Mr. Emerson accompanied him to his house, which was situated in a beautiful grove of bread fruit, cocoanut, and banana trees. Native houses are built by setting several posts in the ground, on the tops of which the rafters are placed, tied strongly together at the top. These are covered with braided cocoanut leaves and branches, and over these are the leaves of the bread fruit platted together and firmly fastened with strings. The sides of the house are filled up between the posts with bamboo, through which light and air are admitted. Most houses, formerly, had neither doors nor windows, and instead of a floor they laid a pavement of round stones. Matting is placed over this pavement, upon which the people eat, sit, and sleep; for there are no beds, tables, or chairs. Various improvements have recently been introduced by the missionaries, which

make them much more comfortable than formerly.

As soon as the Morning Star had landed some of her stores, it was determined that she should go to Fatuhiva and receive Mr. Kekela's goods. Accordingly they pushed off from shore in the same old boat from which they had landed, and which leaked as badly as ever, compelling them to use the pail and boot again. Having passed the breakers, into the still water, all was silent except the splash of the oars, and each person seemed occupied with his own thoughts. Most of those in the boat had never before this visit seen the heathen in their darkness and degradation, and the scenes which they had now witnessed greatly impressed them. At last one of the sailors spoke. "Well, shipmate, such a sight I never saw before." "Nor I," said another; "that was worth the dollar I gave at the monthly concert." "Those who say that missionaries have done no good are fools," said a third; but how is it possible that such men can be civilized, or that any Christian can be willing to live among them?"

As they passed along the shore toward Virgo's Bay, the booming sound of the breakers broke upon the stillness of the morning; the dark cliffs rose majestically thousands of feet above them, while the star of the morning

looked over the cloud-capped peaks, and seemed to smile a welcome.

The vessel was surrounded by boats long before it reached Omoa Bay, and obliged to sail slowly along. Many of the natives came on board, and Kekela said they were friendly;

TATTOOING.

but their faces and naked bodies were so disfigured by tattooing that their appearance was exceedingly revolting. After breakfast all assembled on the deck for prayers. The natives seated themselves in silence. Mr. Emerson

addressed the throne of grace in their behalf, while the people gazed about in astonishment at what they saw. All day long the vessel was surrounded by boats, and thronged with natives, whose curious eyes examined every part.

The process of tattooing is very painful, sometimes even causing death. It consists in pricking the skin and staining the spots with ink, so as to make lines or figures, which remain indelible. Some tribes tattoo the face only, others the body, while others still mark the whole person. It is usually commenced at the age of ten or twelve, and being done a little at a time, it takes some years to complete the work. Tattooing is considered a mark of great beauty. Females, though seldom tattooed themselves, except the hands, feet, and lips, often refuse to marry the man to whom they are engaged, unless he will submit to have it done. But we should consider the beauty of a man very questionable, to say the least, who had a large *lizard* pictured on each cheek, with its legs and long tail spread in each direction, and looking as though it was ready to jump right into the man's eyes! Sometimes the whole person is covered with curious figures of birds, fishes, and snakes. White teeth and black under lips are the perfection of beauty in their estimation. Those

persons in each tribe who perform this service become very rich. Land, cloth, hogs, and fruit are given for this kind of embellishment, which is done according to the wishes of the person himself.

Fat Child.

One ludicrous custom in connection with their ideas of beauty in children is to stuff them with *poa* until their little naked bodies look like cocoanuts upon two sticks. "*Maikai! nani loa!*" exclaims a fond mother, admiringly, as she exhibits one of her children, thus distended, to a visitor.

The Morning Star did not get into Omoa Bay and ready to anchor until night. Of course nothing could be done that day toward taking on board the goods. The next morning brought crowds of visitors again, some for trade, and others from curiosity; for the arrival of a ship was an important object. This was Saturday, the 6th of June. The supplies for the mission were now landed, and the goods received on board. Vegetables and fruits were also purchased for the vessel. While this was being done it was decided that there should be a communion season the next day, in connection with the regular service of the mission,

as some had been deprived of that privilege for a long time.

Accordingly, on Sabbath morning the people began to assemble at the mission house. Some took seats within, but others, afraid to enter, stood without. Mr. Emerson preached in English, and Mr. Kekela addressed the natives; then there sat down at the Lord's table men of six different nations, fifteen in all, and obeyed the Saviour's last command, "Do this in remembrance of me." At the distance of half a mile floated the Morning Star in full view — a witness that another of his commands, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," had not been disregarded, even by the young children of his people.

The scene thus exhibited was very unlike what had taken place in that valley a little while before. A bloody war had raged between the Anainoa people of the missionary district, and the Moaka, who lived in another valley. Many were killed on both sides. These were cut into small pieces and distributed equally among each tribe, to be devoured. Even the little children shared with the rest, and ate a piece of the flesh of their enemies. What a dark picture of heathenism this is! The Omoa people gained the victory, and resolved to destroy their enemies, the Moaka, entirely; but

Matunui, the chief, had friends in the other tribes, and wished to save them. So he went and persuaded them to send offerings to the Omoa gods; and though the people did not like it, they were too superstitious to fight any longer, and so the war ceased.

In a valley about a mile from this bay a number of people lived who had made themselves very disagreeable neighbors. The only entrance to their valley was by a well-guarded pass, and all attempts to drive them off had failed. The natives who came on board the Morning Star cautioned Captain Moore against them, saying, "When they come sell pig, you no buy him. They big thief; they kill man, eat him; they no good. They be *taipi ki-ki*," (i. e. devil's men.)

One of the greatest hinderances to the prosperity of missions in the Pacific islands was the *tabu* system. *Tabu* means prohibition, and consists in prohibiting to certain persons things which are allowed to others, under the penalty of the displeasure of the gods. When a man gets married, he builds two houses. The one for himself is tabued to his wife; he must eat in his own house, and she in hers. A man and wife never eat together; the son eats with his father, but never with his mother; a daughter grown to maturity eats with neither. One part

of a house is often tabued to the wife, and she is not allowed to go into it. A piece of ground is tabued; no woman must walk on it. A tree is tabued; no woman, and sometimes no person, may eat of its fruit; nothing even must lean against it, or be hung on its branches. A canoe is tabued; no woman may step into it. Some kinds of food are tabued; the husband eats of one kind of fish, his wife another, and his daughter a third, but no two may eat of the same. This must be very troublesome to the cook, in the absence of stoves, pots, or pans. These instances are enough to show how selfish and miserable the whole system is. Any man may make a *tabu* law, but some chiefs have a special right. Matunui was called the "*Tabu Chief*" on this account.

The penalties for the violation of these *tabu* laws were very strict and cruel. The loss of an eye, sometimes both eyes, was commanded; even the penalty of death was not uncommon. Others were less severe; as sickness or disease in some form or other. The superstitions of the people, encouraged by the priests, caused the *tabu* to be regarded as a religious rite, and until the light of the gospel shone upon them, it was most sacredly kept.

At length the missionaries felt that the time had come to make a direct attack upon the

whole system of *tabu*, and, if possible, abolish it altogether. Accordingly, during the visit of Rev. Mr. Smith from the Sandwich Islands, an *anti-tabu* feast was held. It was got up much like our picnics, each guest bringing some article of food. Invitations were given only to those who were ready to renounce the *tabu* which prohibited the woman from eating with her husband. Abraham Natua, the first convert from heathenism, performed his part admirably. The feast was on the mission premises, and between thirty and forty, including missionaries, sat down together.

Mr. Smith read and explained Gen. 1 : 29. "Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth; and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed, to you it shall be for meat." He said that God's *tabu* tree was in the midst of the garden, and was tabued to man as well as woman. Men and their wives sat side by side at the feast, cheerful and happy — a thing they had never done before. Matunui, who was something of a Mormon, had a wife on each side; and when fruit was handed to him, he first took a bite, then gave to one wife on his right, then to another on his left. The *tabu* dishes were next passed about, and all ate plentifully of them. Instead of puddings and pies, of

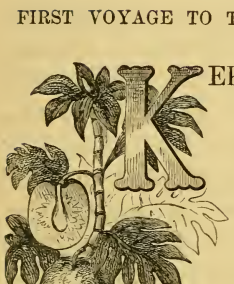
which they never heard, a few crackers were passed, and a little molasses poured upon their plates.

After the feast was ended, Mr. Smith told them how much he wished to have them break away entirely from the practice of putting women on a level with dogs and pigs. "In Christian lands," said he, "men and women eat and drink together; and what is *tabu* to one is so to the other. But here, I can not go forty rods in any direction without seeing something forbidden to women; a pig yard, an eating house perched upon sticks for men, a burying ground, canoes, &c. When obliged to go from one part of the island to another, the women walk around all these obstructions, while the men lazily sail around in their canoes. In Christian lands, men, women, and children all travel in the same boats or carriages, all eat together, go to the house of God together, and together carry their dead to the same burying ground."

Mr. Kekela was the interpreter on the occasion. Mr. Bicknell addressed the native brethren, and after singing a hymn with great spirit and melody, the feast was closed with prayer and benediction. Thus happily passed off this *anti-tabu* feast, and struck a great blow at the whole system throughout the island.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST VOYAGE TO THE MARQUESAS, CONCLUDED.



Bread Fruit.

KEKELA and his furniture left Fatuhiva in the Morning Star, on Monday morning, June 8, for his station at Paumau Bay. The three years of toil and prayer at Omoa were of great value to him as a preparation for his new sphere of labor. And his people, too, when they saw him depart, began to feel that they were about to sustain a great loss, and appreciated his labors better than they had ever done before.

Though the tabu laws had been very strict at Fatuhiva, they were beginning to yield to the influences of the gospel. One of the sailors proposed to cut a stick from a tabu tree, and a chief named Kiekai, who gave evidence of being a Christian, was asked what would be the consequence if it was done. "Nothing," said he, "to a foreigner." "What if it was a native?" "Nothing, if it was a man." "But what if a

woman?" "I do not know of any thing; but the tabus are like an old man — dying without much trouble. Do not make too much of them, and they will die of themselves."

As the time for the general meeting of the missionaries was near, twelve natives of Omoa embraced the opportunity of going to Hanahi to attend the meeting and witness the ordination of the first native preacher of the gospel.

After a pleasant sail of twenty-four hours, the Morning Star stood in toward the mouth of Paumau Bay. A native was seen pulling off in his boat, whom Kekela recognized as a man that would show them the way to a good anchoring ground. So they took him on board, and reached the place safely. The scenery around the bay is grand. Mountain peaks, green to the very top, rise to the hight of four or five thousand feet. Groves of bread fruit and cocoanut trees abound, beneath which hundreds of natives were seen hurrying to and fro, their speed probably increased by the rare appearance of the beautiful little ship. The Morning Star, dressed out in her gayest colors, formed a pleasant feature in the picture.

It took but a short time to land the goods at the mission premises, and then the vessel passed on to Hanahi, Mr. Bicknell's station. Great caution is necessary in sailing along the shores

of these islands. The rocks rise perpendicularly from immense depths in the sea, and around their sharp, jagged sides the waters rush with great force. At the same time the winds, sweeping over the high land, strike the sails, and make it very difficult to manage the ship. In nearly all the bays a heavy surf beats upon the shores, through which the landing is always difficult and often dangerous.

Mr. Bicknell was not in the service of the Hawaiian Missionary Society. He was an Englishman, a carpenter by trade, formerly connected with the mission at the Society Islands — an earnest man, who wished to do good; and being acquainted with both the Tahitian and French languages, he accompanied the first missionaries sent by the Hawaiian Missionary Society to the Marquesas. There he labored faithfully as a co-worker with them, having their entire confidence and the respect of the natives. As a physician, he had rendered the mission families great assistance; with them he had learned to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and to look with earnest prayer to the Saviour for success.

Hanahi was but a few miles from Paumau. The Morning Star came to anchor in the bay, and the better to facilitate the landing of supplies she was made fast to a cocoanut tree. The

decks soon presented a busy scene. Chests, trunks, mattresses, blankets, household furniture, boards, joists, cord wood, water casks, ballast stones, pigs, fowls, and fruit, were mingled in confusion, while curious tattooed natives looked on in wonder, or expressed their feelings in loud and boisterous merriment.

A curious incident occurred here, which, though trifling in itself, might have caused much trouble and even shedding of blood. Among the many natives who visited the vessel was a chief, who, after examining the vessel to his satisfaction, went on shore. When the others were about leaving, an old palm leaf hat was found, and, supposing that it belonged to one of the party, it was shown to them. One of them exclaimed, "Oh, yes — good hat — me." Of course they gave it to him. Soon after the chief returned, and demanded his hat. Being told that one of his men had taken it, he went away again. In the afternoon he returned to the vessel, and demanded another. One was offered to him, but it was not good enough. Then a new cap was brought; but no, he did not like caps; and off he went, still more dissatisfied than before.

When the sailors went on shore the next morning for ballast, the chief came out of a thicket, armed with an old rusty sword, and ordered off

the boat, saying, "I left my hat on board, and you gave it to another man. I no give you ballast. I no come any more to your ship." Fearing that serious consequences might result from this trifling cause, Mr. Bicknell and Mr. Emerson were employed to arrange the matter to the chief's satisfaction, and after the payment of four times its value, the affair of the old hat was settled.

THE OLD HAT.

The Marquesan mission was found by the delegation to be in a prosperous condition; but the missionaries themselves were in great destitution, and in need of almost every thing for

their comfort. Mr. Bicknell had been obliged to sell his tools to buy food, and to defray the expense of his journeys from one island to another; the knives, forks, and spoons of the others had gone in a similar way. They had all been without shoes for nearly two years, and their clothing had become very poor. They even had no salt for a long time, except a little obtained from a ship's captain, who found it in the bottom of some pork barrels. Fruit could generally be got, but they could not live on fruit alone. "The laborer is worthy of his hire;" and it is hoped that in future their wants will be supplied, while they labor to give the bread of life to the heathen.

This mission had now been established about four years, and great changes had taken place on the islands. Formerly this people, like the islanders generally, were great thieves. No clothing could be hung out long enough to dry without disappearing entirely; now it was not molested, and even the mission premises were often left unlocked during the entire day, with perfect safety; which is more than can be said of many places in Christian countries.

Loud calls for teachers were coming to the mission from almost every island. "We want American missionaries, right from the Sandwich Islands," they said, meaning that they did not

want papists. One chief urged his claim, saying, "Drunkenness, theft, and war are the passion of my people; send me missionaries, that these evils may be removed, and we will protect and feed them." Said a native of Fatuhiva, "Three long and almost fruitless years did the missionaries labor among us, with much endurance; the wedge has entered, the gospel has taken root, it will grow. God will not forsake Fatuhiva."

During the general meeting, which continued several days, various kinds of business were transacted. The services at the ordination of John Kaiwe were deeply interesting. He was not the first convert, but the first set apart as a preacher of the gospel to his countrymen. We can scarcely imagine even the joy of the missionaries, as they welcomed him among them.

Chief Tohutete, who had given evidence of piety for two years, was baptized by the name Daniel Tohutete, and received to the church of Hivaoa. No objection to this was made by any body; even the heathen said, "He is really another man, unlike his former self, and unlike us." After the chief was received, seventeen persons gathered around the table of the Lord, to celebrate his dying love. At this feast there were two Marquesans, (one named Abraham Natua had been received before,) ten Sandwich

Islanders, two Americans, one Englishman, one Dane, and one Norwegian. All felt refreshed by this communion with their Lord and with each other. How sweet it was to sit at the table of the Saviour in those solitudes of heathenism! How precious to join in that feast which is yet to be *the* feast of the world!

The people of these islands are not so degraded as some others in the Pacific, as the following fact will show. Some white men, who resided at Omoa Bay, introduced the making of intoxicating liquor from the juice of the cocoanut buds. The chiefs saw its effects upon the people, and immediately proclaimed a *tabu* law prohibiting its use.

Five schools had been sustained among the people, at which pupils of all ages attended. These schools were destitute of books, and must have them, to be successful. As Mr. Bicknell was considered the most competent, it was decided that he should return in the Morning Star to Honolulu, and there superintend the printing of some adapted to their wants. While absent on this errand he was ordained a preacher of the gospel to the Marquesas, and his subsequent life was such as to confirm the hopes which were then entertained respecting him.

So many calls for teachers, coming from various places, made it advisable to increase the

number of stations as soon as possible. Five or six pieces of land had been already given at Hivaoa for mission purposes, but there were none to occupy them. The Marquesans do not change their places of abode, as do the Sandwich Islanders. Every man remains in the tribe and valley where he was born, and he is not willing to be taught by teachers of other tribes. Each tribe is independent, and often much hostile feeling exists toward their neighbors of other tribes. They are very lazy, and unwilling to work; indeed, there appears to be but little motive for industry. The ground is seldom cultivated; scarcely an acre on all the islands could be plowed. The ravines are very rich, but if the trees and dense foliage that now cover them were removed, the ground would be too hot to produce much. There are lofty hills covered with beautiful shrubs and trees, but they are so steep that cattle could not climb them, so that there is no dairy to be attended to. Fruit grows abundantly without labor, and clothing, in the estimation of the natives, is neither a comfort nor an ornament. There is little, therefore, for men to do, except fishing; and fish are not very abundant.

A very curious fish was brought on board the Morning Star for sale. Its color was black; it was in form like an eel, and had a tail every

a sharp weapon that opened like a knife. The man who caught it showed the wounds it had made on his hands. Taking it up in both hands, he opened his mouth as wide as he could, thrust the back of the fish into it, and, bringing his jaws together, severed the back bone. "There," said he, "he no fight any more!"

The women have no clothing to make, and not much housework to do. Their principal employment is to make matting — *tapa* — a coarse kind to spread on the ground floor of the huts, and a finer, which is their only clothing. Much taste is sometimes displayed in the coloring of the latter. A narrow strip worn about the neck and ankles is a mark of distinction, and often pointed to as a reason why the wearer should be treated with unusual attention. Sewing and braiding hats have been taught them by the missionaries.

The Marquesans are great smokers. Mr. Bicknell was once standing by the bedside of a native, who was dying with consumption, which is a prevalent disease. The family were weeping and wailing around him, and every moment was expected to be his last. Though unable to move, or scarcely to speak, the dying man called for his pipe, and puffed away his last breath!

The religion of the people is common, in many

respects, to all the islands of the Pacific. The spirits of the dead are supposed to dwell in a certain mountain, which affords them all necessary food. At certain times they are allowed to go on errands of love to their friends in the form of huge cocoanuts or bread fruit, which are kept sacred. Another resort for spirits is under the island of Hivaoa. They are said to go over the hills with clubs in their hands, to defend them from other spirits who oppose their entrance to the passage under the island.

When the business of the missionaries was concluded at Hanahi, on the 1st of June, the Morning Star went to Hanakahana Bay. Rev. Mr. Kawealoha occupies this station, which, for its location, is much more desirable than the others. A swift stream of pure water runs by the mission house. The bay has a beach of white, smooth sand, and is a fine harbor, except in winter, when it is exposed to tremendous gales of wind, and is a dangerous place for shipping. Waiawoa, the chief, dined on board the Morning Star. He had great strength of character, and was of large stature. He was a very great warrior, having received twelve names for having slain as many men.

There is a cave on the shore of the bay, into which the water rushes with great force, and produces a sound like the discharge of a cannon.

All the supplies which Captain Moore had carried to the Marquesas were at last landed. The business for which the delegation had been sent was finished. The missionaries had been cheered and comforted, and their wants relieved. Many delightful seasons of prayer and conference had been enjoyed, and God's blessing had richly descended upon them. Bidding them farewell, with many prayers for God's blessing to abide still upon them, the visitors went on board the Morning Star, and set sail for Fatuhiva, to land those natives who went as passengers to the meeting. As they approached Omoa Bay, several boat-loads of people came out to meet them, who welcomed them by pressing a hand of each, saying, "Kanoha, kanoha!"—welcome. In a few hours the decks of the vessel were all clear, the anchor was weighed, and they bade farewell to the bold shores of Fatuhiva, having laid at anchor in the different bays sixteen days.

The Marquesans have various amusements, singular indeed to us, but full of fun and frolic to them. They are very fond of the sea, and bathing in the surf is much enjoyed by both sexes, besides being a very healthful exercise. While the Morning Star was off Paumau Bay, three fourths of a mile from land, several females swam out to the vessel in the evening; but

as they were not allowed to touch even a rope or spar, they were obliged to swim back again without stopping. It is said that they have been known to swim twenty miles.

The young people are betrothed at any age, and when the marriage takes place, a feast is made. Presents are brought to the house of the bride, and laid in a conspicuous place. The refreshments are put on mats, and devoured greedily. Then, at a given signal, each one rushes to the spot where the presents are, seizes upon that which he covets most, and runs off with it. If caught, they are hooted at and ridiculed for their failure. In the midst of this confusion the married pair steal away to the house prepared for them. Thus, instead of their receiving the presents, as is usual in this country, they are all carried off by the guests.

They have a game called the "pehi," which is very amusing. Men, women, and children come together, and arrange themselves equally in two companies. Then they gather a pile of bananas, oranges, and bread fruit, and pelt each other with them. This causes great merriment.

The "hula-hula" appears to be the most popular amusement. The instrument of music used on the occasion is a hollow log, open at one end, and the other covered with a piece of hog's skin, the sides having small holes cut into them.

This drum is placed in the center of the company; one person beats on it, and the rest keep time in a low chant, clapping their hands and arms. Sometimes these hulas are accompanied with drunkenness and excess of all kinds. The missionaries discourage them entirely.

When a meteor is seen shooting in the sky, they say that one of the children of the gods is walking around to look at the world!

July 6. The Morning Star arrived at Hilo, in Hawaii, twelve days from Fatuhiva. Just as the day dawned, the sound of "Hokuao, hokuao!" — Morning Star — aroused the people from their slumbers, and all Hilo was awake at once. "Hokuao, hokuao!" echoed and reëchoed from mountain and hill, while multitudes of children ran through the streets, wild with excitement and shouting for joy.

A public reception was given the next day. A procession marched through the streets to the shore to receive Captain Moore and the ship's company, who met them with the olive branch waving over their heads, and escorted them to the church. The pupils of the boarding school led the way, with banners and a band of music, followed by nine other schools; then females; and lastly men, each carrying in his hand an offering for the "Lord's ship" — a kala, a potato, a cabbage, a bunch of bananas, a plantain,

onions, fowls, eggs, cocoanuts, sugar-cane, pine-apples, &c.; none went empty-handed. The vegetables made a pile too large for a boat-load. The church was adorned with flags, and in the center two beautiful ones were displayed, having the dove and broad signal, "Morning Star," of the little mission ship.

A great congregation filled the house. The music was performed by several choirs of singers, and prayers and addresses by different persons were listened to with breathless attention. At the conclusion, all paid a visit to the Morning Star. Exclamations of "Very beautiful!" were heard on all sides. "Glorious is the work of Jehovah to-day," and other similar expressions, were addressed to each other in the streets. The same evening the vessel took her departure for Lahaina, on the island of Maui, where another large meeting was held, and great rejoicings; after which the anchor was again weighed, and in seven hours she was safely anchored in the harbor of Honolulu, having been absent seventy-one days.

Great and good results were anticipated from this first voyage of the Morning Star. The attention of the people at Fatuhiva and Hivaoa had been aroused. This ship, built on purpose to carry missionaries to them, was a wonderful thing. New ideas were awakened, which, it is

hoped, may ultimately lead them to a knowledge of the true God. They witnessed the baptism of their chief, and learned to regard him in a new light, even as they do the missionaries — that of a Christian. To God be all the glory.

CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT OF MR. BINGHAM AT HAWAII.

Kanei's Present.

IT will be remembered by our young readers that Rev. Mr. Bingham, whom we left at Honolulu during the trip of the Morning Star to the Marquesas, was born and passed his early boyhood in the Sandwich Islands. It was with much interest that he saw again the scenes with which he had been once familiar. While waiting the return of the vessel, he spent a few weeks in visiting the Islands, and endeavoring to awaken a deeper missionary spirit among the people under whose patronage he was so soon to go forth to the still more needy islands of Micronesia.

The missionaries who had been associated with his father at Honolulu, and the older people who remembered him as a lad, received him now with great affection. They showed him the improvements which had been made in the town, the

custom house, post office, machine shop, grist mill, &c. One of the most interesting of all was the house in which he was born. "Mrs. Cook," he writes, (who then lived in the house,) "showed us through the apartments, the garden, and father's study. The rooms remain much as they were. The old kitchen, now occupied as a store room, with the old fireplace, the old east window, and west door, most forcibly carried me back to childhood's days. Methought I could see mother preparing some relishable meal for her dear ones, while I was near the west door, scraping *kalo*. The chambers remain as formerly. The old stairs are as natural as ever. The old fig trees still stand. The hau trees appear much smaller than youthful imagination had fancied them. The study where my honored father so arduously labored in the translation of the Hawaiian Bible, and personal conversation with awakened souls, is now the crowded abode of Chinese. Peculiar feelings of sadness were experienced as I thought of the great changes which had taken place among the former inmates of the old homestead."

The same week, the monthly meeting of the Hawaiian Children's Missionary Society was held at Mr. Chamberlain's. Some thirty-five were present. The exercises consisted of prayer, occasional singing, and reading of anonymous compo-

sitions. At the close, a quarto gilt Hawaiian Bible and hymn book were presented to Mr. Bingham, accompanied with an address and welcome, to which he responded. A young lady presided at the piano, and the singing was very good.

On Sabbath evening Mr. Bingham attended service at the First, or Stone Church, where his father had been pastor.* Here the king worships, but he is seldom present, and at this time was absent from the island. Victoria, his sister, was in the choir. She wore a yellow crape shawl embroidered in red silk flowers, with a small lace and ribbon bonnet on the back of her head. Mr. John Ii was also one of the choir. He had previously called to see Mr Bingham, who showed him a daguerreotype of his mother. Mr. Ii wept as he looked at it.

After the service, the people came forward to shake hands with Mr. Bingham and his wife, and bid them "aloha"—peace. Many also called upon him at Mrs. Chamberlain's, where he was staying. He shook the hand of each, gave them the "aloha" which his father had sent them, and showed them the daguerreotypes of the family. One aged woman brought to him five dollars, as a present, and many others gave various articles as a token of their affection and regard for his mission.

* See view of this church, p. 24.

Among those who came to see him was Kanei, who had been a nurse in his father's family, and who was now eighty years of age. She, too, must bring her present; and what do you think it was? It was a nice, fat, young pig! It was placed for safe keeping in an old lime kiln where Mr. Bingham had played when a boy, and which had been owned by his father. Besides the pig she gave him two silver dollars. A whole family also called and presented him kalo, eggs, melons, a fowl, and several dollars in money. The man said that Mr. Bingham's father had taught him the carpenter's trade. On one occasion, three women gave him eight eggs, "which," says he, "I was obliged to stow in my *pocket*, charging my memory not to sit down upon them." When it is remembered how poor most of the people were, these presents will appear very liberal indeed, and a striking evidence of the regard they felt for the son of their old teacher who first made known to them the way of salvation.

Mr. Bingham had been at Honolulu but a short time before some of the people began to request him to remain there, and become the pastor of the First Church. The old lady who gave him five dollars said that his father had promised him to Queen Kaahumanu when a baby, as their future teacher. The governor of Kauai also said he well remembered the elder

Mr. Bingham calling on Kaahumanu, and requesting her to come and see his child; and that he, as one of her young men, accompanied her, and heard Mr. B. make the promise. They thought, therefore, that they had pretty good grounds for claiming of him now its fulfillment.

One afternoon they attended a female prayer meeting, which had been originally established by Mr. B.'s mother. The Princess Victoria was there, and after the meeting she asked all the women who desired to have him remain at Honolulu, instead of going to Micronesia, to raise their hands. A multitude of arms rose at once. Several expressed themselves strongly in favor of it, and only one said that, as they had the light, they ought to allow him to go to those who still sat in darkness.

Soon after, at a meeting of the directors of the Hawaiian Missionary Society, a formal petition was sent to them by the First Church, asking them to detain him there, that he might become their pastor. This petition was referred to a committee, who, after hearing all parties, reported that they did not "advise that any measures be taken to divert Mr. Bingham from his mission to Micronesia and retain him at Honolulu, but would leave the subject to be decided by the parties concerned." On the next Sabbath a missionary meeting was held, at which

Mr. Bingham expressed his strong desire to go to Micronesia. Kekuanana, the governor of Oahu, made some remarks, still insisting on his remaining, and calling upon the people who desired this to manifest it. A multitude of hands answered the call. Mr. Ii then addressed the people and Mr. Bingham. Believing that he had fully determined to go, he bade him God speed. The king's chaplain, Kuki, urged Mr. B. to remain, until he was, like Paul, "in a strait betwixt two."

Another meeting of the church was held on Tuesday, and Mr. Bingham, in an address of more than an hour, stated the reasons why he thought he ought not to remain with them. One was, that the heathen in Micronesia were more destitute than they who already enjoyed the light of the gospel. Another was, that he had been appointed a missionary of the American Board, and the children had built a vessel to carry Christianity to Micronesia, and if he were now to turn aside from that errand, both the Board and the children would be disappointed. He feared, also, that if he should remain to preach in their great church his health would fail him, as he had suffered much from a disease in his throat. His proposition to the people, therefore, was this: he would go on in the Morning Star to Micronesia, and if the natives

there would allow him to labor among them he would do so; if not, he would return to Honolulu. At any rate it would be much easier for him to decide the question finally after he had thus acquired a more perfect knowledge of the field. With this conclusion they were at length obliged to be content.

During the meetings of the Hawaiian Missionary Society, the members, at the invitation of the king, Kamehameha IV., waited upon him at the palace. One of them, on this occasion, delivered to him a beautiful Bible which had been sent for this purpose by the American Bible Society. His majesty acknowledged it in a very neatly-written speech — his own composition. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham were presented to him, and he expressed his pleasure at renewing his acquaintance with Mr. B., they having been boys together. Mr. B. reminded him that he had once presented his majesty a small box of tools. The latter said he distinctly remembered it.

At Honolulu they became acquainted with two Hawaiians named Noa, and Hoe, who were recommended to them as domestics, and who agreed to accompany them, as such, to Micronesia. These were simple and excellent people, and their help was very valuable for years afterward.

Several excursions were made by Mr. Bing-

ham and his wife into the neighboring country, where some of the missionaries or other friends resided. One was to the beautiful Nuanu valley, a few miles distant, where Dr. Judd lived, formerly a missionary, but more recently an officer of the government. Here Mrs. Bingham took her first lesson in horsemanship, and succeeded so well, that, as her husband said, she rode back to the town without falling off! Another journey extended nearly around the island. On this occasion he was presented by a friend with a fine *heifer calf*, four or five months old, which the donor proposed to keep for him one year, and then send it to Micronesia by the Morning Star. He thought it would be nice for them to have milk when so far away from supplies of food used in civilized countries. One night they slept in the house of a native, upon the floor. In the morning the host provided a breakfast of fish baked with hot stones, baked kalo, and poi, and would take nothing but "love" for pay. On returning to Honolulu, through the Nuanu valley, they heard the drums of the hula-hula dance in a neighboring house, and stopped to see it. This was a bad relic of the old heathen customs of the people, and Mr. Bingham reproved them for returning to it; but they urged in excuse that they were acting in accordance with the wish of the king. One old man said,

"While Bingham [the elder Mr. Bingham] was here, hula-hula was *tabu;* but when he went away, then we had hula-hula again."

On the 28th of May, they embarked on board the schooner "Liholiho," for a visit to the island of Hawaii, in company with several missionaries living there, who had been at Honolulu attending the meetings of the Missionary Society, and Evangelical Association. They landed at Mahukona, on the western coast, ten miles distant from Kohala, where Rev. Mr. Bond resided, and started thence to travel by land across the island to Hilo, on the eastern side. They had but two horses for four persons. Mrs. Bingham rode on one of them, and as they had no side-saddle, she was obliged to ride *à la Hawaii*, which she did with cheerfulness and dignity. The other horse carried the three gentlemen alternately. They reached Mr. Bond's house late at night, and the next day passed a pleasant Sabbath at that station.

From Waimea, a few miles further, Mr. Bingham undertook to ascend the lofty mountain of Mauna Kea, which rises 14,500 feet above the level of the sea. Mr. Turner accompanied him, and two servants. They had three horses, two of which they rode, and the third carried their blankets, calabashes of water, provisions, &c. Mrs. Bingham did not attempt the fatiguing

journey. Their way for many miles was through a country covered with bushes, and abounding with wild cattle, whose paths they followed. Now and then a huge bull would appear and stand gazing at them for a few minutes, then dash away at full speed. Wild hogs, too, would start up with a loud grunt, and snort, and scamper off into the bushes. Night overtook the party, and, wrapping themselves in their blankets, they lay down to sleep.

The next morning they started at daybreak, and went on and up, from one high peak to another, till they reached the deep snow, over which they traveled wearily till 2 o'clock, P. M., without gaining the highest summit. Here clouds began to gather, and their strength to fail, and fearful that they might not be able to return if they went further, they reluctantly concluded to turn back. They were obliged to encamp that night also, and did not reach Waimea till 10 o'clock the next day. Though they did not succeed in reaching the *highest* peak, yet they were well repaid, by the sublimity of the scenery which they saw, for all the fatigues and dangers of the undertaking.

Passing onward, the next day they came to the celebrated Waipio precipice, looking off eastward into a beautiful valley that stretches downward to the ocean. This precipice is one thou-

sand feet high. At its foot flows a small river, which falls in many a picturesque cascade from the craggy rocks, then winds its way through the dense vegetation to the shore. Here and there the houses of the natives appear, with their little mirror-like fish ponds, while in the distance the ocean, swept by the strong trade winds, dashes its waves upon the rocks, covering them with foam, and sending its hoarse roar up the narrow valley. On the edge of this precipice our party halted to rest, and gazed with admiration and awe on the wonderful scene.

The journey from Waimea to Hilo was very laborious, and even dangerous. They crossed more than seventy ravines; and Mrs. Bingham was twice thrown to the ground by the turning of her saddle. Mr. Bingham's horse, when crossing the stony bed of a mountain torrent, fell and rolled over and over; luckily, he was not then riding. One stream they crossed in a canoe, while their horses swam; and several they forded, the water reaching to their saddles. Through all these perils, however, they at last arrived safely at Hilo, and received a warm welcome from Rev. Mr. Coan, the excellent missionary, and his family.

During their stay at Hilo, they made a visit to the great volcano of Kilauea, one of the most remarkable in the world. This, though situated

high up on the flank of a mountain, is not a lofty cone, like Vesuvius and Etna, but rather a vast chasm in the earth, a thousand feet deep, and seven or eight miles in circumference. It is large and deep enough to take in, entire, the city of New York, the loftiest spires of which would not rise one third of the distance to the top of the walls. Six hundred feet below the brink, a ledge of lava extends around the crater, making a vast, black plain, on which an army of a hundred thousand men might stand. Within this is a deeper cavity, a part of which is also covered over with congealed lava, while another is an awful lake of fire, boiling and tossing its molten billows with terrific force, while vast columns of vapor and smoke rise in clouds over the abyss. Often the rough floor adjacent to this lake breaks up, under the convulsions of the internal fires, and buries itself in the burning flood. Sometimes the lava bursts through the sides of the mountain, and pours out a river of fire which rushes down to the ocean, destroying every thing in its way. Several such eruptions of this volcano have occurred within a few years past, some of which overwhelmed whole villages, and killed a great many people.

This volcano in former times had been an object of great dread to the natives of the island. They believed that it was the home of a terrible

THE CRATER OF KILAUEA.

goddess, named Pele, who was angry if any body visited it. Hence the whole region was *tabu*, and to approach it, much more to enter the crater, was thought to incur certain death from the goddess. In 1824, however, these superstitions received a death blow from the heroic conduct of Kapiolani, a high chief who had been converted to Christianity. She was a woman of great courage and strength of character, and deeply compassionated the people, who still feared their heathen gods. So she resolved that she would show them the folly of their fears, by visiting Kilauea, the home of the dreaded Pele. Her people, and even her husband, trembled at the daring proposal, and urged her to desist, but in vain. As she drew near the volcano, she met a prophetess of Pele, who warned her away, and threatened her with death if she persisted. "Who are you?" asked Kapiolani; and producing a Testament, she said, "I, too, have a message from God, which is true; yours is false." Accompanied by a missionary and her attendants, she went on, and descended to the black ledge of the crater. There, in full view of the boiling lava, she exclaimed, "Jehovah is my God; he kindled these fires; I fear not Pele; all the gods of Hawaii are vain!" Then they sung a hymn and prayed to Jehovah, while the roar of the volcano added its sublime accompaniment to

their worship. The people, when they saw that no evil happened to her, were filled with astonishment, and from that time the power of Pele upon their superstitious minds was broken. In all the history of the world it would be difficult to find an instance of courage and true Christian heroism surpassing this.

After spending a day or two in examining the objects of interest connected with this great wonder of nature, the party, with the exception of Mr. Coan and Mr. Bingham, and two attendants, returned to Hilo, while the latter set out on a missionary tour of a week in the adjacent district. Many of our readers are aware that Mr. Coan is pastor of the largest church in the world, numbering five or six thousand members. These are scattered through all eastern Hawaii, and being too far distant to attend Sabbath services regularly at Hilo, Mr. Coan often makes pastoral journeys among them, preaching, receiving members to the church, administering the sacraments, &c. A good old native deacon was now sent on before them to announce their pastor's approach, and call the people together in the different villages to meet him. During this journey, Mr. Bingham writes, "I preached to eleven different congregations, and in all to more than one thousand five hundred natives, and attended eleven celebrations of the Lord's

supper. Several persons at different villages were admitted to the church, some restored, and and about one hundred and twenty-five dollars contributed by the people for benevolent purposes. It was a precious privilege to make the tour with one who, for a quarter of a century, has proclaimed the gospel to the Hawaiians in Hilo and Puna, and to be myself permitted to urge these recently converted heathen to remember that 'to whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required.' I saw much to cheer and encourage me; some things to grieve and dishearten. Oh that I might in Micronesia behold such a change as has, by the grace of God, been wrought under Mr. Coan's labors!"

The time now drew near when the Morning Star was expected to arrive from her trip to the Marquesas Islands. She was to stop at Hilo, and Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, and Hoe, were to return in her to Honolulu, and thence to sail to Micronesia. On the morning of the 7th of July they were aroused from their slumbers by the cry of "Sail ho! hokuao! Morning Star!" They sprang from their beds, and looking out, saw in the distance "the dear little vessel." There being not much wind, Mr. B. went off in a canoe to meet her — "glad," he says, "to step again on the planks which my feet have so many times trod." She brought good news from the

Marquesas, which she had left only twelve days previous. Mr. Bicknell was on board, on his way to Honolulu to procure some printing done for those islanders. The day was devoted to rejoicings, public meetings, visiting the vessel, &c., and that same evening all embarked again. She stopped on her way at Lahaina, where the missionaries addressed the people, and gave them their "aloha," and on the forenoon of the next day the Morning Star entered the harbor of Honolulu.

CHAPTER IX.

MICRONESIA. — THE FIRST VOYAGE THITHER.

The Cocoanut Tree.

MICRONESIA is a word signifying the *small islands*. It embraces the islands of the Pacific lying between 3 degrees south and 20 degrees north latitude, and between 130 and 178 degrees east longitude. In the body of water contained within this boundary are perhaps more than two thousand islands grouped together, and known by different names, as Ladrones, Carolines, Mulgraves, Kingsmills, &c., with many subdivisions.

It will be remembered that in our first chapter mention was made of the departure of Rev. Messrs. Snow, Sturges, and Gulick for Micronesia, in the brig Caroline, a vessel chartered at Honolulu for that purpose, in

1853. The Caroline arrived at Pitt's Island, one of the Kingsmill group, in August. These islands are of coral formation, and lie on both sides of the equator. Fifteen islands compose this group, each governed by a king, and independent of each other.

The missionaries had an interview with the king of Pitt's Island, and presented the letter written by the King of Hawaii. They explained to him their object in coming to Micronesia; asked if he wished to have some of them stay and teach his people, and left the matter with him for consultation with his chiefs.

The day following being the Sabbath, public worship was held, and the first sermon preached that was ever heard on Pitt's Island. Several foreigners resided here for trade. Cocoanut oil is the great article of export, of which more than twelve hundred barrels are sold annually from this small island alone.

The difficulties in the way of establishing a mission appeared, on examination, to be not so great as had been anticipated; but a good share of self-denial would be requisite, for communication with other islands was irregular and very uncertain. Fruits were abundant, but provisions generally must come from abroad. Milk, which is so necessary in a family, was not to be found, neither butter.

The Caroline did not stop long, but went on to Strong's Island, (so named after Governor Strong, of Massachusetts,) six hundred miles northwest of Pitt's. As they came to anchor on the Sabbath, they did not receive any visitors, nor go on shore. On Monday morning, when they went to visit King George, he met them at the door, and shaking hands politely, bade them "good morning." He had a pleasant countenance, looked well, and appeared intelligent. The missionaries made him presents of a red blanket, two red shirts, some red cotton, and a pair of scissors for the queen. Besides these, they gave him a Bible, a Hawaiian hymn book, and a few other things; then the Hawaiian king's letter was read to him, explaining their object in coming to his islands, and the willingness of the missionaries to remain and teach his people the way of life and salvation.

The king treated them very kindly, and was ready to give them a house and some land. He seemed to desire that his people should all share equally in the benefits of the instruction given. Many of the natives already conversed in broken English, and were very inquisitive. Mr. and Mrs. Snow decided to return to Strong's Island, after a visit to the other islands. When the king was asked what an-

swer he would send back to the king's letter, he replied, "Tell him I will be a father to Mr. and Mrs. Snow."

Some of the chiefs had reported to the king that if missionaries came they would interfere in the government, and he would lose his authority; but the missionaries told him that they came to teach the Bible, and not to rule. He immediately handed out the Bible that had been given to him, and the 13th chapter of Romans was read: "For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil," &c. He was much interested, and said, "That first rate," as natural as any Yankee.

The Caroline next visited Ascension Island, distant three hundred miles westward. The mission company did not expect, from reports of this island, a pleasant reception there. Boats began to come about the vessel when it was fifteen miles off; and when they anchored in Metalanim harbor, on the eastern coast of the island, it seemed that the whole people must have assembled. Dr. Gulick counted thirty-three canoes at one time.

Among the visitors was the king, who received a present of a red blanket and a hatchet. His only article of dress was a skirt of cocoanut leaves. The missionaries stated to him their plans. He expressed himself favorable,

and said "it would be good for them to stop." The king of the Kiti tribe, on the opposite side of the island, also wished for teachers among his people.

Among this tribe is a young man, called "the Nanakin," who, by his talents and energy, had gained the entire control of the people. He is quite favorable to the whites. His people are very different from the Metalanim, and under better control. When the Caroline anchored in Ronkiti harbor, on the south-western coast, all on board felt themselves comparatively safe, and the first Sabbath was one of perfect quiet. Public worship was held on shore, and all present were very attentive. The object of coming to Ascension was explained, and some account given of the Sandwich Islands.

On the following day the Nanakin accompanied the brethren to select a place on which to build a mission house. While this was being built, a house was hired, the goods were brought on shore, and Messrs. Sturges and Gulick, with their wives, took possession, September 20. Several chiefs immediately put themselves under the instruction of Dr. Gulick. The Nanakin's wife also received medicine; and the old king, who was nearly helpless from palsy, removed to a house near the doctor, that he might see him often. The Nanakin

also brought his favorite niece to the mission family, saying that she wished to reside with them. They found her very intelligent, and were pleased to have her come thus early under their influence.

Soon after the mission commenced, the Nanakin called one day to see Mr. Sturges, who gave him an English spelling book, and assisted him to pronounce a few of the words. He thanked Mr. Sturges, and soon after said to some foreigners standing by, "I am going to learn English. I am going to make the cooper and others help me; and if they don't, I'll pound them." He then said seriously, "You must ask the missionary to pray God to help me learn English."

Two couples presented themselves for marriage; the husbands were foreigners, and their wives natives. Many of the people witnessed the ceremony, and a favorable impression was made.

The Island of Ascension was comparatively unknown until 1828; since which time it has been frequently visited by whaleships and trading vessels. The group consists of a large, high central island, not far from sixty miles in circumference, besides as many as ten smaller basaltic islands, and several coral or low islands, inclosed within a coral reef seventy or eighty

miles in circumference. The highest point is 2858 feet above the ocean.

This island is a paradise in its natural features, and is probably the third in importance of the high or basaltic islands of Micronesia. From the mangrove trees which line the shores to the pinnacles of its mountains, it is a perpetual succession of natural terraces. These are covered with a vegetable growth as beautiful as can be conceived, and of almost endless variety, from the humble taro (a kind of potato) to the mighty bread fruit. The climate is one of the most delighful in the torrid zone.

The mangrove tree is peculiar in form, having strictly no trunk. The roots grow out a little below the lowest branches, extend down to the water, interlacing each other, and penetrate the soil. They are from five to ten feet high, and support the body of the tree, whose whole hight is from forty to fifty feet, and always green. These roots are a favorite resort for a kind of shell fish which cluster upon them, and this has given rise to the fabulous story of *oysters growing on trees.*

There is a tradition among the natives of a boat's company having landed on the island, who had such peculiar skins, that they could only be killed by piercing their eyes. They were probably Spaniards, clothed in mail. There are also

accounts of ships being seen, which were supposed to be islands, rising up suddenly out of the water, and then disappearing. While they were in sight the people fled from the shores, and the priests drank ava for the spirits, to entreat their interposition, until the dreaded object disappeared. Twenty years ago, a Chinese vessel was wrecked near the island, from which fowls were first procured. A few silver coins, a crucifix, and a pair of dividers have been found here, and a brass cannon was discovered and taken away a few years ago.

This island was once a dreary waste of rock, but decomposition has reduced to soil large portions of its surface, and in process of time it has been changed into its present form. At Jokoits, on the north-west coast, is a perpendicular basaltic rock, five hundred feet high, standing in its majesty, as if to guard from aggression the rich hills beyond.

The population of Ascension, or Ponape, the native name, is about ten thousand, and so scattered among this dense vegetation, that, were it not for a curling smoke, or an occasional canoe, a passing vessel would hardly think the island inhabited.

In 1854, a vessel stopped at Ascension, which had the small pox on board. The captain sent the sick man ashore to a place where no person

lived; but the first night he was there, some natives went to the place, and stole the sick man's clothes. A great scourge was feared, but for a time it was averted; the disease is said to have destroyed afterward nearly half the inhabitants.

Mr. Sturges was located near the mouth of the Ronkiti River, a beautiful stream, which was navigable a short distance for boats. At the head of this stream, in a deep, dark gorge in the mountains, is a huge rock, said to be the head of a god, which is held sacred. A few years since, food was regularly placed before it, and such is still the reverence of the people for it, that few dare approach it. The finest feast house on the island stands on this river. Soon after the missionaries were located there, this house was taken for the worship of Jehovah.

Dr. Gulick's house was on a small island in the Metalanim harbor. Its location was very eligible, being central to the whole population of that district. The soil was exceedingly rich, and the prospect delightful. "We have," he writes, "the landscape of nearly the whole inner harbor before us; we look out upon the anchorage itself; and we have an open view to the windward, out of the mouth of the harbor. It is a very airy and healthy position."

The Caroline having returned to Strong's

Island, King George cordially welcomed Mr. and Mrs. Snow, with the native Hawaiians, Opunui and his wife, to their future home; and on the 15th of October, the vessel returned to Hawaii. King George always remained a warm friend of the missionaries, who still speak of him as "dear old King George," and hope that he died a Christian. He was succeeded by his son, who, though he followed the example of his father in not allowing intoxicating liquors to be made or sold on the island, was very intemperate. He had been well instructed in the truths of the gospel, and made fair promises of reformation, but had no strength to resist temptation, and died suddenly, after some days of excessive drinking.

In November, 1854, Dr. and Mrs. Pierson arrived at Hawaii, on their way to Strong's Island; but no passage could be obtained until May in the next year, when they found that the whaling bark Belle, Captain Handy, was about to proceed to the Kingsmill group. Captain Handy did not expect to stop at Strong's Island, but when Dr. Pierson applied for a passage, and told him that he was a missionary, he replied, "I have a mind to take you to Strong's Island, for I love the missionary work. I want missionaries to be placed on every island in the ocean, and am willing to do all I can for the cause. Whalers have been a curse to those islands long

enough, and I am determined to do what I can for their good, so as to have righteousness and justice established upon them."

Captain Handy had regularly visited those islands for many years, was acquainted with the people, and partially understood their language. So he consulted his officers, and they were pleased with the idea of taking the missionaries as passengers, and were ready to do all they could to make the voyage pleasant for them.

The Belle sailed from Honolulu, May, 1855, to cruise among the Kingsmill and Marshall Islands, and then go on to Strong's. Kanoa, a Hawaiian assistant, and his wife, accompanied Dr. Pierson.

Captain Handy was a professor of religion, and habitually abstained from all unnecessary labor about the ship on the Sabbath, but kept a man at the mast head to look out for whales. More than a quarter of the whales he had taken were caught on the Sabbath. After the missionaries came on board, he began to think seriously about Sabbath whaling, and resolved to abandon it. His men also soon came to the same conclusion. Dr. Pierson preached regularly twice on that day, and a social evening prayer meeting was commenced. The sailors dropped in one after another, and the meeting was sustained with interest. Appearances began to indicate

the presence of God's Spirit. Three brothers, Romanists, sought religious instruction, and wished to read, that they might judge for themselves which was the true religion. Three mates consecrated themselves to God, and others anxiously sought the salvation of their souls.

The vessel stopped at several islands long enough for the missionaries to become deeply interested in the people. At Apaiang they found two parties engaged in a bloody war. Captain Handy remained there several days, and endeavored to make peace, but to no purpose. The king at Elmore Island sent his sister Nemaira with them to Ebon,* to order his people to make oil for Captain Handy, and to protect those whom he left there to attend to the business. Her husband and five native servants attended her. She was a remarkable woman, about forty years of age, quick, modest, and anxious to conform to the customs of the missionaries. She became much attached to Mrs. Pierson, who gave her some dresses, which she wore as naturally as though always accustomed to them. Wherever the vessel stopped, Nemaira spoke to the people in praise of the missionaries; and this, coming from their king's sister, gained them favor every where.

Dr. and Mrs. Pierson felt a strong desire to

* Pronounced A-bone.

return to Ebon, and take up their abode there. Every thing, as they looked upon it, showed them that this was the post which the Lord would have them occupy; and when they reached Strong's Island, they made known their feelings to Mr. and Mrs. Snow. These devoted missionaries had been there alone three years, and rejoiced at the prospect of having fellow-laborers; but when they heard Dr. Pierson's report, and saw the hand of God in so many incidents of their voyage, they were ready to give them up, and bid them God speed. Dr. Pierson would, however, remain at Strong's until an opportunity offered to return to Ebon. Apaiang was also considered a very desirable place for another station. At several other islands, urgent appeals for a missionary were made.

In October the three mates of the Belle, who were converted in the early part of the voyage, made a public profession of religion, and joined the Strong's Island mission church. Captain Handy's assistance was of great value during all the voyage, which continued from May to October. He left them at Strong's, and went back to Ebon upon his regular business.

As we review the preceding narrative, we must be struck with the readiness of the people to receive strangers, so unlike themselves in every thing, and their willingness to put themselves

under instruction. This was something of which they had never heard before, and it would have been natural to be distrustful; but many seemed to open their hearts at once. May we not believe that God's Spirit thus prepared the way for those laborers who should come after them?

The Morning Star sailed from Honolulu for the Micronesian Islands on the 7th of August, 1857. She carried Rev. J. B. Gulick,* delegate from the Hawaiian Missionary Society, and Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr., with their wives; J. E. Chamberlain, Esq., passenger; Kanakaole, a printer; Noa and Hoe, their wives, and Alika, as domestics for the missionaries, and Hoe's child. Mr. Gulick's instructions from the Society directed him to visit each of the stations at Micronesia, and to make a thorough exploration of those islands, for the purpose of ascertaining what further laborers were needed there. The Morning Star would enable the missionaries to assemble and hold a general meeting, and by their joint action with Mr. Gulick, her movements were subsequently to be directed. To Captain Moore was intrusted the entire charge and management of the vessel; he was to guard against surprises from the savage people, and

* Mr. Gulick was the father of Rev. L. H. Gulick, already at Ascension Island.

bad foreigners who might be disposed to seize her and take the lives of all on board. In order to exclude such persons from the vessel, boarding nettings were provided, and every thing necessary to insure the safety of the passengers and crew.

Mr. Bingham was obliged to leave at Honolulu several boxes that would not be wanted immediately, to be forwarded to him at a future time. Many farewell calls were made, and many presents received for himself and the mission; among them a coop of chickens, the goats sent by John Ii, good old Kanei's pig, &c. The ladies of Honolulu also undertook to raise money sufficient to purchase for Mr. Bingham a melodeon.

The parting services were now held. The missionaries and many of the people were assembled on the deck. Prayer was offered in Hawaiian and English, addresses followed, and the Missionary Hymn sung. Many a tearful farewell was spoken, and the little company were assured of the continued sympathy and prayers of their Hawaiian friends. The pilot gave his orders, the lines were cast off, and with a gentle breeze the Morning Star, with her precious freight, glided smoothly and gracefully out of the harbor.

A part of the supplies were to be received at Koloa; so the Morning Star first went to that

place. Owing to the difficulty of landing, it was late on Saturday night before they could get to an anchorage; so they stood off shore until morning. The Sabbath passed quietly. Mr. Gulick and Mr. Bingham went on shore, and addressed the people at the church of Rev. J. W. Smith. There Mr. Bingham found Pomeroy, the carpenter, who came with him to Hawaii in the Morning Star. He was building a house for Rev. Mr. Dole. He said he was tired of the sea, and having commenced anew his religious life, he had determined to pursue his trade hereafter on shore. He seemed to be doing well, and Mr. Dole spoke very favorably of him.

Early on Monday morning the people came in from every quarter, bringing with them gifts for the missionaries. Beef, poultry, pigs, bananas, and kalo, (a kind of turnip,) together with twelve barrels of fine sweet potatoes, were speedily stowed away. A tub of butter, which could not be procured in Micronesia, was presented to them. Mr. Chamberlain here concluded not to go further, and left the vessel. On Tuesday they went on to Waimea, where the missionaries delivered addresses in the beautiful new church of Rev. Mr. Rowell, one of the handsomest in the Islands. At this place resided Mrs. Whitney, who came out with the first company of missionaries in the brig Thaddeus, in

1819, and who had never left the Islands in all that time.

The same evening, August 11, they again weighed anchor, and directed their course toward Micronesia. The voyage was now fairly begun. "On Wednesday morning," says Mr. Bingham, "the peaks of Kauai had disappeared beneath the waves. Many years may pass away before our eyes shall again rest upon them. May our heavenly Father spare our lives, that we may behold Christ's kingdom established on the thousand isles of Micronesia. Thus far the Lord hath prospered us." Later, he writes, "During the present week our little bark has been rapidly wafted on with the news of salvation for the perishing heathen. These are, indeed, happy days. I love to gaze upon the white, swelling sails, and reflect that they are bearing us on the wings of the wind to those whose good we seek. God grant to protect this mission bark from dangerous reefs, and the violence of wicked men."

The hours for worship and meals on board were the same as on the passage from America. The Hawaiians also met for worship in their own language at the same time. Every thing moved on harmoniously, and the passage was very pleasant.

On the 21st of August they crossed the me-

ridian of 180° longitude, in consequence of which they gained one day in their reckoning. This meridian is directly opposite that of Greenwich in England, from which place it has long been the custom of the civilized world to reckon time. When it is precisely 12 o'clock at noon at Greenwich, it will be just 12 o'clock at midnight in longitude of 180°. At that moment the new day begins, and the old one ends, there. While the Morning Star was east of that meridian, they were in a part of that day which began at 180 the night before, and which passed on round the world westward. When they crossed the meridian of 180°, they came where a new day had begun. The 21st of August had then become the 22d, and of course their date must be set forward one day.

The carpenter was very much troubled about this change of the day, especially because it involved a change of the Sabbath. He could not believe it right to observe any other day as sacred but that which they had kept before, and no explanations or arguments seemed to satisfy his mind. Captain Moore, however, told him that he need not work on Monday, if he had conscientious scruples about it and this relieved him. He performed no labor on that day, afterward, during the voyage.

One day a beautiful land bird hovered around

the vessel. It was caught at last, and one of its wings was clipped to prevent its escaping; but after it had rested a while, and eaten some food, away it flew. The clipped wing disabled it from soaring aloft as before, and it soon sank in the wave, far from its island home.

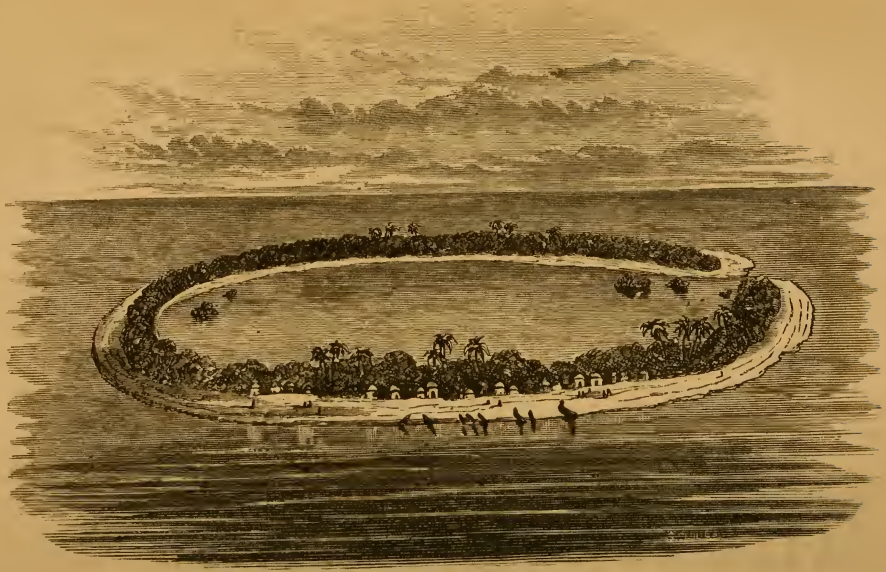
On the 26th the first of the Micronesian Islands appeared in sight. It was Uderick, the most north-easterly of the "Radack chain," so called. "Radack" and "Ralick" mean Eastern and Western, and are the names of two long groups or chains of islets running north and south. The sea between these ranges is three hundred miles long, and one hundred broad; but owing to the dangerous coral reefs, it had been but partially explored.

The Morning Star sailed slowly along, to avoid striking on the hidden reefs. The winds were light, and the weather warm. No houses were seen upon the islands, nor any canoes or natives. On the 28th the weather was thick and squally, and fearing for the safety of the ship, the captain shortened sail and hove to. The sea here abounded with fish. A line was let down for a shark which was swimming about the vessel, and the voracious jaws came together with a snap that took off both bait and hook. Then another large hook was baited and attached to a chain. Poor sharkie took a firm hold, and could not let

go if he would. With some difficulty he was drawn up over the taffrail. The steward recovered the lost hook, and the fish was served up for all hands at supper. The other fish were shy, and would not take the bait.

The next day they made sail at daylight, and soon saw land ahead. They ran along a reef for twenty-five miles, and counted seventeen islands, all beautifully green. Each was formed by a ledge of coral rocks rising to the surface, extending in a curve like a horseshoe, inclosing a body of water called a lagoon, and having one or more narrow passages leading into it from the ocean. In these lagoons vessels usually find a safe anchorage.

On one of these islets natives were for the first time seen. One of them waved a bunch of dried leaves on a pole, which was taken as a signal of peace. The sight of the vessel, which passed close to the shore, appeared to please them greatly, and they danced and capered about in high glee. Soon after, a canoe, carrying four men, with a matting sail, shot out from behind a point of land, and approached the vessel. They were strong, healthy, fine-looking men, wearing only the grass maro or girdle. Their ears had a hole cut in the lower part, which had been gradually enlarged so as to receive an ornament of from two to five inches in diameter.



A LAGOON ISLAND.

Sometimes the ornament was a flower or green leaf only; sometimes a piece of tortoise shell or a tobacco pipe. When no ornament was worn, the part of the lobe hanging loose was suspended from the top of the ear.

Presents were offered to these wild people, but they could not be induced to come on board. After remaining for a time about the vessel, they seemed to take fright, and suddenly left. One man from the shore approached alone in his canoe, and Mr. Bingham gave him an old file, a jewsharp, and a letter which he had written at the suggestion of Captain Moore, as follows:

MORNING STAR, Aug. 29, 1857.
S. G. MOORE, Captain.

To the Inhabitants of the Menzikoff Islands, glad tidings:

"Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men." "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

We hope soon to bring you the gospel of Jesus Christ, and some of his missionaries to teach you.

Very truly yours, HIRAM BINGHAM, JR.

In taking his file the native accidentally let it fall overboard. Quick as thought he darted after

it, but the file went faster still, and he came up quite disappointed; a few fish-hooks, however, comforted him. The other natives, seeing how well their friend had fared, came back again, and appeared harmless and inoffensive; but their language was unintelligible. Finding no place to anchor, the vessel passed on.

Just before sunset a man approached in a canoe, who proved to be the same one to whom the file had been given. He had paddled five miles to overtake them, and was highly delighted with some bread and boiled sweet potatoes which were given him. He kept pointing back to the shore, with a supplicating tone of voice, as though urging them to return, and did not leave them until quite dark.

Sabbath evening, Sept. 8, Strong's Island was in sight. There being no wind to carry them into a harbor, they were obliged to lie off shore; and the next day they found they had drifted, by the force of the current, sixty miles to the eastward, requiring the whole succeeding twenty-four hours to recover their ground. Here a pilot — Mr. Kirkland — came off to the vessel, whom they ascertained to be the same that had conducted the Caroline on Mr. Snow's first arrival. The wind failing, he left one of the natives on board, and took Mr. and Mrs. Bingham on shore. Their meeting with Mr. Snow

and Dr. Pierson and their families, may be better imagined than described; it was one of most cordial welcome. The latter presented them to the king and queen, who received them sitting upon the floor, and spoke to them kindly in broken English.

The intelligence that a missionary vessel had been built by the children of America, and was on its way to Micronesia, had been carried to Strong's Island by a whale ship. How the hearts of the missionaries, so far from friends and home, rejoiced at this good news! Fifteen months had passed since they had heard from America; but when this news arrived, they felt willing even to wait cheerfully a few months longer. Dr. Pierson wrote at this time, "Oh, how we thank you all, dear children! We would clasp you in our arms, and ask God to bless you, and make some of you missionaries. Indeed, I think some of you will want to come out to look after your ship, and help us teach these poor heathen the name of that bright and Morning Star which has arisen on this dark world."

But however willing they had been to wait for the Morning Star, they were, as I said before, truly rejoiced to see her anchor in the harbor. For the last two months, the missionaries had lived in a state of constant excitement and alarm, owing to a savage war which had been raging.

War is horrible in all its forms, but among heathen nations it is doubly so. It appears that some people called Rotumas, natives of another island, but now residing on Strong's Island, had taken up arms against the king. At first a few foreigners joined them, and the party was commanded by an American named Covert. They had resolved to murder the king and chiefs, and take possession of the island. The king, being informed of the fact, sent armed men to kill or seize them. Five of the Rotumas were killed; the rest fled to the house of Covert, who defended them, with the help of an Englishman named Johnson. The other white men, being unwilling to fight, were sent away.

The king's party watched the house which had been fortified by a solid wall of coral rock six feet high, and when any one came out, as they were obliged to do, to get food, he was shot down. At this stage of affairs, a whale ship from Massachusetts, commanded by Captain Lawrence, arrived, and to him the foreign party made complaint. The missionaries, though they had taken sides with neither, felt that the cause of the king and the native party was just, and they gave Captain Lawrence their opinion of the matter, thus making him acquainted with both sides of the case.

On account of this state of things it was feared

that it might be hazardous for the Morning Star to venture into the harbor; but Mr. Kirkland was confident she would run no risk in lying with the other vessels, and accordingly a boat from the whale ship assisted in towing her in, and she was anchored safely. A white flag was now seen flying from Covert's house. Mr. Snow and Dr. Pierson took a canoe and went over there immediately. Covert was desirous of peace, and requested that Captain Lawrence and Captain Moore would visit the king, and make arrangements for a meeting of both parties next day, on board the Morning Star. These gentlemen waited upon the king, who consented to the arrangement.

On the next morning all assembled. Captain Lawrence presided, and Mr. Gulick opened the meeting with prayer, Mr. Snow acting as interpreter.

After a long talk between the parties, it was decided that the leaders in the rebellion, with the Rotumas, should all leave the island; otherwise the king would not consider himself safe. Said he, "S'pose ships come — Covert speak sailors, 'Go kill king; me give you plenty land.' Me no like Covert stop here; better go." These men had property and families on the island, and made fair promises of good behavior; but the king was firm, and they were obliged to

yield. All were to be kept as prisoners until the departure of Captain Lawrence and Captain Moore, and then they were to be carried away to some other island.

On the arrival of the Morning Star, the missionaries were nearly destitute of provisions; indeed, they must have suffered had they not received occasional relief from the ships that stopped at the island.

It is difficult to see how these islanders could subsist, were it not for the cocoanut and bread fruit trees, which are always to be found. The bread fruit is about as large as a child's head, and grows on tall trees. When it is roasted, and the skin taken off, it makes as nice a loaf of white bread as one could desire. This, with a young cocoanut, juicy and sweet, and perhaps a fish, makes the daily food of the people.

The cocoanut palm is a majestic tree, with a beautiful tuft of long, green leaves, like a crown, on the top. Under this tuft the nuts are found, sometimes two hundred in number, and in all stages of growth. These can only be obtained by climbing; but the natives go up like squirrels, and almost as fast. The wood is very hard, and furnishes materials for clubs and spears, also paddles for boats. Sawed into posts, it supports the houses, and the branches afford thatching for the roofs. Baskets, bonnets, and fans are

made of the leaves, and the rods are used for tapers. The shell of the fruit is filled with rich, sweet milk, and is itself converted into goblets, dippers, and pipes. Even the husk is of great value as fuel, and the long fibers are twisted into fishing lines and ropes. The juice of the young buds, when pressed out and fermented, becomes an intoxicating drink. A healing balsam is made from the juice of the nut; the oil extracted from the fruit anoints their bodies and embalms their dead. No other tree in the whole world produces such an amount of fruit; four hundred nuts have been taken from a single one in a year. Lastly, groves of these trees afford a grateful shade from the burning heat of the sun.

These dear missionaries, though so far away from their native land, did not forget that the American Board were now holding their annual meeting in Providence, Rhode Island. As the custom is at all stations, these missionaries met at Mr. Snow's on Thursday afternoon, to pray for God's blessing upon the Board. Mr. Bingham preached on Saturday evening a preparatory lecture, and on Sabbath morning held a meeting on board the vessel. At 11 o'clock all attended the native service conducted by Mr. Snow. The king and queen were present; the king wore a flowing dressing gown or wrapper,

with a large hood falling back; and the queen had on a tasteful looking dress. Most present paid good attention, but during the last prayer, several laughed aloud.

In the afternoon the missionaries and the ship's company assembled at Mr. Snow's, and twenty persons, including the wife of Captain Lawrence, and the Hawaiian brethren, united in celebrating the Saviour's dying love; and though most of them were recently strangers to each other, and in a strange land, it was a delightful season.

The following incident will show that these rude, ignorant heathen gave better attention to the preacher, though they did not understand him, than is often given in Christian lands. One Sabbath, Mr. Snow had a very good congregation; but most of the people were natives of the Ralick Islands, and could not understand his language. "Not being able," said he, "to understand the *letter*, they went through the *form* to perfection, for when I put out my hands to pronounce the benediction, out went their hands too, as gracefully as those of any experienced parson. So we had a full benediction that day."

CHAPTER X.

FIRST VOYAGE TO MICRONESIA, CONTINUED.

Rub-nose Welcome.

ON Tuesday morning, September 15, the Morning Star left Strong's Island for Ascension, taking as passengers Messrs. Snow and Pierson, their wives and children, two Strong's Island children belonging to Mr. Snow's family, a native of the Ralick Islands, in the family of Dr. Pierson, who wished to return to his home with him, and the four Rotumas. These, with her former passengers and crew, made thirty-six in all, crowding the little vessel full. She was towed out of the harbor by four boats, the king bidding them farewell, and saying, "Come shumi nga mutta"—You go, I stay.

While they were off Wellington's Island, a boat, manned by several natives, and commanded by a man named Higgins, came out to meet them. These men spoke a little English. Mr. Snow and Dr. Pierson went on shore with them, and were highly pleased with their visit. The

houses were well built, clean and comfortable, and the women wore clothing, as well as the men. Mr. Higgins asked for a Bible, which was given him. On returning to the ship, they brought a fine lot of cocoanuts, and four large turtles. Two of the latter, and part of the cocoanuts, were sent by Mr. Higgins to the missionaries at Ascension.

Like all coral islands, the Wellington group are low, surrounded by a reef, in some places a quarter of a mile wide, inclosing a lagoon through which there is no passage for vessels. The circumference of the group is about fifteen miles. Mr. Higgins said the natives would like to have a teacher sent to them, and if one would come, either from the United States or Hawaii, he would give him a house, and supply him with food. He sent money by Mr. Gulick to subscribe for a Hawaiian newspaper, that he might not be ignorant of what was passing in the world. This island was considered a very inviting field for a native Hawaiian missionary, and as it lies directly in the route to Ascension, it can be visited without loss of time or expense.

Just before the Morning Star reached the Wellington Islands, something was seen at a distance, which at first resembled a large canoe full of men. As the vessel drew near, it proved to be the trunk of an enormous tree. A boat was

lowered, and several of the ship's company went off to it, being well provided with fishing tackle, in order to catch the fish they expected to find about the tree. Plenty of fish were there, and several sharks; a small one was caught, but no other. Dr. Pierson thought the tree might be a bread fruit tree, but how came it there?

After remaining several days at Wellington, anchor was next cast at Metalanim harbor, on the Island of Ascension. The situation of this harbor is very picturesque. A rock, in the form of a sugar loaf, several hundred feet high, stands on the very shore. On the south-west side are two grotesque waterfalls, which add to the beauty of the harbor. The foliage is very dense. On the south side of the harbor is a small island, a point of which, called Shalong, stretches toward the north; upon this point are Dr. Gulick's houses. They are built in the native style, except as they have doors and windows. The path leading to the point is bordered on each side with pine-apple plants, young cocoanut trees, flowers of various kinds, bananas, papaias, (running apple,) bread fruit trees, &c. As the vessel was passing into the harbor, Dr. Gulick came on board, in a little boat presented to him by the Hawaiian Mission Children's Society, and was overjoyed at the unexpected meeting with his father. When the greeting was over, all

knelt down on the deck and united in thanksgiving to God. The mission had been looking a long time for the Morning Star. They had heard of her voyage to Hawaii, but not to the Marquesas, and supposed she would first come to them.

All the families were short of provisions, especially that of Mr. Sturges; so much so as to affect their health. A boat was therefore dispatched to each station with a supply for their immediate need. Mr. Snow and family went in one of the boats to Ronkiti, where Mr. Sturges was located, and Mr. Pierson to Jokoits Harbor, for Mr. Doane. They were obliged to wait till near midnight for the tide, and the night being stormy, Mrs. Snow and the child were benumbed with cold. They did not reach Ronkiti until 9 o'clock the next morning, and suffered from hunger, as well as cold.

Great was the joy of the brethren and their families at this relief, and the visit of Christian friends. To live a whole year, and even more, in this far-off region, without any letters or words of cheer from absent friends, without hearing a syllable of what is passing in this world of ours, and then to receive a twelve months' mail at once, papers, letters, and pamphlets!—my young readers can imagine better than I can describe it. Dr. Gulick's feelings on the arrival of the

vessel, were expressed in the following letter, which he sent home to her owners: —

Dear Children: About noon on Thursday, Sept. 24, the Morning Star appeared off the Metalanim harbor, where I live; and so great was her haste to deliver her messages and messengers of love, that she was already approaching her anchorage before I could get on board. Need I tell you how my heart throbbed, as I embraced my aged father? how I welcomed Captain Moore, and my oldest brother, mate of the ship, and my Micronesian fellow-laborers? Need I tell you how angel-like the Morning Star appeared to our Micronesian eyes, as she winged her way to within half a mile of our thatched cottage? My father hastened on shore to see his daughter and grandchildren, and soon the whole American company was crowded into our hermitage, besides the king of the tribe, and a number of natives. We made haste to render thanks to the Father of mercies, the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for so good a gift as this Morning Star, which renders such reunions as these possible to us who live in the very "end of the earth." The profound solitude of the missionaries on these coral islands has been broken in upon with praise, and prayer, and mutual rejoicings, such as never before echoed through Micronesian groves.

Another letter was written by a committee appointed by the mission for that purpose. The following is an extract: —

"The missionaries upon the little islands of Micronesia, by the grace of God, to the multitude of owners of the 'Morning Star,' send affectionate and grateful salutations.

"You have known something of the trials we have had to suffer because we had before no missionary vessel to go about among our islands, to bring and carry our mail, and to bring us our supplies. Only think, that one of our number had been waiting *two years* for opportunity to get to some islands a few hundred miles distant, where the people had expressed a desire to have him labor with them in the gospel. Then think how the hearts of those of us on Strong's Island bounded with joy the morning we saw your noble brig, with her white flag of peace, and her star of hope, just at the entrance of our harbor, with our two years' mail on board.

"We love to tell the heathen, we love to tell their children, of this proof of your interest in them, and of your love for our cause. Again we thank you for the Morning Star."

While the Morning Star was at Metalanim, a general meeting of the missionaries was held, to decide upon the locations to be occupied, and the movements of the vessel. Mr. Doane's lo-

cation was first considered. As the laborers were so few, and the places where it was very desirable to have a station so many, it was concluded that only two of their number could be spared for Ascension. Mr. Doane's station at Jokoits Harbor, being the least promising, was to be relinquished, leaving him to go with Dr. Pierson to the Marshall Islands. Mr. Bingham and Kanoa were assigned to the Kingsmill group in Eastern Micronesia. They also voted to adjourn the meeting to Ronkiti, and that on the way the vessel should stop at Jokoits, and take Mr. Doane's goods. While the meeting was in progress, a converted Portuguese, who had been a Papist, died. He had lived some years on the island, was well acquainted with the language, and had assisted the missionaries in the translation of portions of the New Testament. While thus employed, he was himself taught by the Holy Spirit, ceased to pray to Mary, and prayed to Christ, and to the Father in his name. At his earnest dying request, one of his children, a little daughter, was adopted by Dr. Gulick. For some time previous to the death of this Portuguese, he gave himself wholly to prayer and reading the Bible. This one conversion would far more than compensate for all the labor and toil expended on these islands.

The Micronesian mission had now ceased to

be an experiment. Wicked advisers no longer held the controlling power; old religious systems had been gradually giving way, and the missionaries had acquired the confidence of those in authority and the respect of the people. Preaching on the Sabbath had been regularly sustained in various places. Many natives had ceased praying to the spirits, and regularly offered their devotions to the true God. At Shalong, about one hundred, including chiefs, were learning to read and write. Soon after Mr. Doane commenced his labors at Jokoits, a meeting was appointed to be held on the next Sabbath morning, and lo! a congregation of from seventy-five to one hundred were at the door before breakfast. So Mr. Doane postponed his eating till after service, rejoiced to have such an opportunity to speak for Christ.

Still the people were degraded, and multitudes of them were as vicious as ever. Though some of the chiefs were favorably disposed toward the missionaries, it was not on account of their religious influence, but because, if missionaries were on the islands, ships might be induced to stop there. Shipping time is a harvest season to these people. By all natives, stealing from a ship is considered lawful, and the more old iron, ropes, clothes, knives, or any thing else a man can get, the greater man he is.

One day, the cook's ax was stolen, and soon after the thief was pointed out to Captain Moore. Calling him, he inquired if he had stolen the ax. "Oh, yes, cap'in, I steal him." "Why did you do so?" "Oh, me like him." "Will you bring it back?" "Oh, yes; s'pose cap'in pay me." "The ax is mine; why should I pay you?" "No, him no cap'in's now; him belong to me." "Go and get the ax, and I will give you a fathom of calico." "No, cap'in, one fathom no good. Me like ax plenty; s'pose cap'in give five fathoms, me go get him."

Before leaving Shalong an interesting meeting was held on board to welcome the Morning Star to those seas. Several foreigners with their wives, and a few natives, were present, and all seemed much interested. After the exercises were concluded, several of the company visited the celebrated ruins two miles east of Dr. Gulick's house. They consist of a large, square inclosure, surrounded by a wall, which, near the entrance, is at least twenty feet high. Within this inclosure is another wall, and within that a vault, constructed in honor of the dead so long ago that a large bread fruit tree has grown upon the rocks that cover the vault. These walls are built of basaltic rocks, one of which measured eighteen feet and another sixteen feet in length, and are supposed to have been brought from the

north side of the island. Religious rites are annually performed there. In the vicinity are several artificial islands, the borders being made of basaltic rocks, the interior being filled up with coral stones. When the company returned, it being low tide, they were obliged to haul their boats half a mile over the flats. This was only a specimen of missionary traveling in Ponape.

In most heathen countries little girls are not accounted of much value. They tell, however, the following story of one at Ascension, who must have been a very brave child. Far away up in the mountains, the "spirits," as the poor, ignorant natives think, had their home. One time, when Mr. Sturges was there, his guide pointed out to him a huge rock. "This," said the man, "the spirits used to take with them when they went down to their habitations below, that with it they might kill the people who live there. At length this little girl was induced to go and keep watch by the stone, and she succeeded in persuading the spirits to give up their terrible excursions."

It is an interesting fact, that the people of Ascension use the same word for *learning* and *planting*. Those untutored savages reasoned correctly. "Whatever we *learn*, whether it is good or evil, we *plant* in the mind." But they did not know that all such seed produces its

harvest of joy or sorrow. They had never heard those words of the apostle Paul, "He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

The religion of the island teaches that all men are judged after death; that upon their trial, the test will be the *singing of a song*. All who sing well go to the good place, while all who fail must be thrown into a deep, dark, muddy pit, there to remain for ever. May all the dear children in this Christian land learn the song of redeeming love — a far sweeter song than any heathen ever sung!

The natives of all these groups are fond of music. One time, as the Morning Star approached a savage island, the people came off in their boats, in large numbers, singing and shouting. The deck of the vessel was full of them, and they were very noisy. Mrs. Snow, Mrs. Gulick, and Mrs. Bingham, who were sitting on the quarter deck, commenced singing,

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

The effect on the natives was instantaneous; order and quiet were produced, and for once, at least, the savage was tamed.

The visit at Metalanim was concluded by the

celebration of the Lord's supper at Dr. Gulick's, which was a precious season to all.

The contents of a box, which was sent to this mission by some kind friends in Hartford, Connecticut, were divided among the different families. If the donors of boxes realized the benefit of such gifts, they would surely send them oftener. Such kindness is felt not alone by the recipients: —

"It blesses him who *gives* and him who takes."

The Morning Star now weighed anchor for Jokoits, on the north-west coast. They were obliged to proceed with great caution, and a boat was sent ahead to tow the vessel out of the harbor. Perceiving that her progress was checked, the captain supposed that the tide had turned, and called out, "Pull ahead, boys; pull strong." The mate just then looked over the side, and thought he saw bottom. Taking the lead with which they were sounding over to that side, the captain found that instead of ten fathoms there was only *five feet*, the reef being perpendicular, and the vessel lying by it as if alongside of a wharf. So they got out a kedge anchor and hauled away, and she drifted out. When in the night they arrived off Jokoits, the weather being squally and a heavy rain falling, it was not judged prudent to attempt the passage into the

harbor. The boats, therefore, were sent ashore, well manned, to bring off Mr. Doane's goods. When the last boat returned it was accompanied by several chiefs. They examined the vessel, and were much pleased with it. Mr. Bingham played for them on his violin, and a song was sung. Mr. Doane offered a farewell prayer, and bade them good by. When it was found that Mr. Doane was leaving them, one of the chiefs commenced stoning the people, saying that Mr. Doane was going away because they did not go to hear him preach on the Sabbath. His ordinary congregation had been only about twenty-five, who assembled on the large verandah in front of his house. The Morning Star next passed around to Ronkiti, and anchored about half a mile from Mr. Sturges's house, in Ronkiti harbor, Tuesday, October 6. The shore all around this island is lined with an almost impenetrable growth of mangrove trees. The land rises abruptly in some places, and in others stretches away inland, covered with heavy timber, and intersected by rapid streams, affording an immense water power, where mills might be erected.

During this visit to Ronkiti, the missionaries were all accommodated at the capacious house of Mr. Sturges, built by the Nanakin, the most influential man in the Kiti tribe. Mrs. Sturges

was in feeble health, but generally able to meet the family at the table. The house is situated on a hill at the mouth of the Kiti River, and commands an extensive view of the ocean and the small islands south-west of Ascension. A smooth turf of grass surrounds the house, and the grounds are adorned with bread fruit and some cocoanut trees. The house of the Nanakin — a wonderful specimen of native architecture — stands on the same ridge, half a mile distant.

The session of the general meeting was here resumed and continued until the 14th, when it adjourned to meet again, with the leave of Providence, at the next visit of the Morning Star, in 1858. Sermons were preached, and daily prayer meetings held during the session. A passage to the Sandwich Islands was offered to Mrs. Gulick and her children, also to some Hawaiian helpers. Mrs. Sturges being in poor health, she, with her husband, were advised to return to Hawaii for a few months, but as Mr. Sturges could not leave his post she declined going. Seldom did the Morning Star touch at any island on which foreigners resided without being applied to for a passage. It was, therefore, found necessary to adopt a rule, that unless in an extraordinary case, no passage during this trip should be given to any but those connected with the missions.

Having been ten days at Ronkiti, the Morn-

ing Star returned to Metalanim for Mrs. Gulick and her children, from whence it was to start for Eastern Micronesia. Dr. Gulick's father had come to Shalong some days previously, to assist Mrs. Gulick in her preparations; so when the vessel reached the station there was no delay, and they were soon taken on board. Hoe and his wife, also, who had been assistants in the family of Mr. Sturges, now accompanied Mr. Doane. It seemed, when the Morning Star had thirty-six on board, that the little vessel was full, but now the whole company amounted to *forty-two*. Early on the morning of the 16th, Captain Moore attempted to get out of the harbor, but the wind failed. Another attempt was made at noon, and the little vessel struck on a coral reef, where it thumped about several minutes before it could be hauled off. As the tide was rapidly falling, fears were entertained that she would be obliged to remain some hours upon the rocks, but our heavenly Father, whose eye was constantly fixed on this, the children's ship, preserved it from harm, and before night it was again under way. Dr. Gulick here bade his family farewell, and returned to his lonely home.

On Monday, the 19th, the vessel arrived off Wellington Island again, and Mr. Higgins came out and received a welcome mail. He invited the missionaries to go on shore with him, which

they did. When they returned, the boat was sixty or eighty rods from shore, owing to the falling tide. As Mr. Bingham stood thinking how he was to get on board, a stout islander stepped up before him and presented his back. After being assured of the ability of the man to carry him such a distance, he mounted. The native trudged off, avoiding the holes he could see, and going into those he could not, he hanging to Mr. Bingham's legs, and Mr. Bingham hanging to his shoulders, and wondering which had the hardest time. At length they reached the boat; and when Mr. Bingham patted him gratefully on the shoulder, he was much pleased, but did not seem to care much for the piece of money which accompanied it, perhaps because he knew not its value.

Two days afterward they reached McAskill's Island, about one hundred miles from Wellington. Although the weather was rough and stormy, many boats came out very early to meet them, bringing cocoanuts and bananas to sell. The people were very wild and rude. A little band of grass, worn about the hips of the men, was their only covering, and children, even twelve years of age, had not so much as that. Upon their heads were wreaths of red and white flowers, and also upon their arms; the last as a token of friendship. They readily came on

board, upon being invited, and after looking around, formed themselves into a circle, and set up a wild cry, or chant, striking their breasts, and pointing upward and downward. This seemed to be an introductory ceremony, after which they were very familiar, throwing their arms, freshly anointed with cocoanut oil, around the strangers, and giving them the regular "rub-nose welcome."

The old king amused them much. Captain Moore ordered the steward to bring a plate of food. The king received it ceremoniously, and after distributing its contents to his chiefs, leaped into his canoe, plate in hand, and made off, but seeing no one in chase, soon returned. Captain Moore made him a present of a plane-iron. This called forth the most unbounded expressions of delight. He ran fore and aft, stopped and looked at it, turned it round and round, then ran to the captain, and rubbing noses, embraced him affectionately. Then followed a present of a fish-hook, and another rubbing of noses. The smell of cocoanut oil, with which their bodies were anointed, made such demonstrations of friendship rather disagreeable than pleasant; but to refuse them would have given great offense.

This company were greatly interested in the *white* children on board. The mirror in the

cabin was also an object of wonder, and occasioned the greatest merriment. Probably they had never had a view of themselves before, and it is no wonder that they were amused with the spectacle.

Messrs. Snow, Doane, and Pierson went on shore afterward, and the king received them with great joy. He was about sixty years old, exceedingly talkative, begging, singing, and dancing all at once. Here is a specimen of his English. "Cap'in go shore — me give cocoanut, banana, taro, all plenty — chicken, pig. Me like hatchet, tobacco, one file." The inhabitants of this island had been called treacherous, and stories of the disappearance of whole boats' crews had been numerous. Nothing whatever of this was seen by the Morning Star.

The people, amounting, probably, to five hundred, lived in one village, and manifested considerable industry; all seemed healthy, sprightly, and friendly. When the king was on board the vessel, he inquired the name of every man, woman, and child, and where each one was going; and when informed of their various destinations, inquired, earnestly, "Where is the missionary for Ringalap?" (the native name of McAskill.) He said he would give a house and food to a missionary, if one would stay with him. All the brethren felt that a native teacher and

preacher ought to be sent speedily, before any "beach combers" (vile foreigners) should settle there. Many of the islanders were present during morning prayers on board, and though previously very noisy, were now perfectly quiet and respectful.

After leaving McAskill's Island, they encountered the severest gale of wind since leaving Cape Horn. The cabin and steerage were crowded with passengers, and many were sea-sick — the babies, poor things, did not escape the general affliction.

Monday, October 26, found our voyagers off Strong's Island, but being calm, Mr. Snow and his family, and Dr. Pierson and family, were set on shore in a boat.

About 2 o'clock in the night, all hands were called to assist in working off the vessel from the breakers, toward which she was drifting. Eight persons manned one of the sweeps, which being thrust out of one of the portholes, served the purpose of a great oar. After they had worked three quarters of an hour, the roar of the surf died away, and a light breeze sprang up. In the morning it was ascertained that the vessel had drifted forty miles to the eastward of Strong's Island, and they were not able to regain their position until the next evening.

On reaching the island it was found that the

difficulties which had before existed there had ceased, and that quiet was again restored. Captain Lawrence, as agreed, had taken away the two white leaders in the rebellion, and all the Rotumas left by the Morning Star.

These white men had seemed determined to destroy the influence of the missionaries, and break up the mission; and it was remarked at the time, that "one important design of Providence, in all these troubles, may have been the removal of Covert and Johnson from the island, which could have been effected by no ordinary means."

Several days were spent in getting on board, with their furniture, the three families of Dr. Pierson, Kanoa, and Dorka, who were to go to Eastern Micronesia. Timber was also bought for the houses of Mr. Doane and Mr. Bingham, which were to be built at the places to be selected for their residence.

The vessel was found to be too small to carry forty-five persons and so much baggage. Every nook and corner was crammed. The larboard side of the quarter deck was full of lumber, while on the starboard side a row of water casks was lashed. The main deck was all taken up with timber, and on the forward house, besides the long boat, were four canoes. Said Captain Moore, "She is much more deeply laden than

she was on the passage out. Her hull and upper works, her masts and rigging, are all perfect, and she is the best sea boat there is afloat."

On Sunday, Mr. Doane preached on the deck of the Morning Star to a considerable number of natives, and sailors from the ships in the harbor. On shore, a meeting of Mr. Snow's congregation was addressed by several of the missionary company. The Lord's supper was celebrated in the afternoon, and the monthly concert was observed in the evening.

Two captains of ships, on the Friday previous, took tea on board the Morning Star. One of them was recently from the Kingsmill Islands, and recommended Apamama as the most desirable place on those islands for a foreign missionary to reside. He thought that Mr. Doane and Dr. Pierson were headstrong in attempting to gain a foothold on Ebon at present, and the whole company, too, in allowing the Morning Star to go among the natives unarmed. The mate of his vessel was recently in a ship which escaped from the savages only by a squall that providentially sprang up. But the little company were not deterred; they felt that they were commanded to preach the gospel to every creature, and in so doing God would take care of them.

Tuesday, November 3, at daybreak, they got under way and were towed out of the harbor.

Mr. and Mrs. Snow accompanied them for some distance. When they were about to leave, all united in singing the hymn —

"Blest be the tie that binds."

Mr. Gulick and Mr. Snow offered prayer, and implored a blessing upon those who were to be left, and those who were to go among savage islands.

"Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,"

was sung, then Mr. and Mrs. Snow, after an affectionate farewell, returned with the king in his boat to their pleasant, but lonely home.

Owing to bad weather the vessel did not touch at Pitt's Island, as had been intended. On the 8th they passed Namarik, a low, coral island, and the following morning reached Ebon, called also Covel's Island, the most southern in the Ralick chain, where Dr. Pierson intended to remain. By 7 o'clock as many as seventeen canoes, with from five to ten men each, had come off to the vessel, bringing mats, mother-of-pearl, fish-hooks, fowls, cocoanuts, shells, &c., for sale. For twenty-five cents' worth of fish-hooks the steward bought two dozen fowls. Mrs. Bingham bought a beautiful mat, a yard square, for a fish-hook.

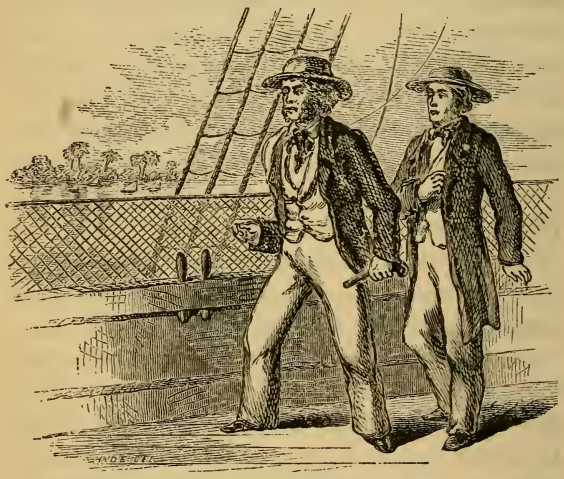
It is always interesting to trace the leadings of Providence, and admire his protecting power

and guidance. Doors of usefulness are sometimes opened where least expected, and the pathway of duty, which seemed to be rough, has been made smooth. A few years before, a party of one hundred natives of Ebon were returning from Namarik, when they were caught in a storm. The proas, or boats, kept near each other and weathered it, but were blown far out of their course. They knew of the existence of an island away to the westward, so they steered for it as well as they could without any compass or knowledge of navigation. Guided by the stars by night, and the sun by day, they at last reached Strong's Island.

The king took them to be enemies, invading his dominions, and made war upon the poor strangers. The missionaries exerted all their influence to save them from being destroyed. Some were sick, and Dr. Pierson gave them medicine; they were hungry, and Mr. Snow gave them food. After waiting several months for the south-west winds, they departed in peace for their homes, their boats being loaded with provisions. After many long, dreary days and nights, and losing several of their number by starvation, they arrived safely at home at Ebon. Their high chief, Kiapuka, was made acquainted with the circumstances of their adventure, and the name of "Docortor," as Dr. Pierson

was called, became familiar in all parts of the island.

When Captain Moore was about to proceed to Ebon, he mentioned it to another captain whom he met. "Do you go armed?" he was asked. "No," said Captain M.; "but I have boarding



PISTOL PROTECTION.

nettings." "Then put them up, and don't trust one of the wretches on board; they are cannibals, and will be sure to take your ship if they can." So when Captain Moore approached the island, he put up the boarding nettings, and stationed his men fore and aft. First a canoe

appeared — then five — ten — fifteen — all black with men. Things look suspicious. Captain Moore now remembered that he had an old rusty pistol somewhere below, which, perhaps, might be made to stand fire.

A powerful man, of commanding aspect, stood foremost in the first proa. His head was encircled with a wreath of white flowers, and rings a foot in circumference were in his ears. All were watching his approach, when Dr. Pierson exclaimed, "'There! I know that man; let him come on board; he was at Strong's Island." The man at the same moment recognized Dr. Pierson, and shouting to his comrades in the other boats, begged to be taken on board. "Docortor — docortor," he exclaimed, overjoyed at meeting his former friend.

While they were on board, not the least indecorum was manifested; they were as orderly and well behaved as any men whatever. After breakfast, Captain Moore ordered some boiled rice to be placed before them. As they gathered round it, they said something which afforded the "docortor" much merriment. On inquiring what it was, Dr. Pierson said they were talking over the captain's want of good manners in not providing them with spoons! And these were the cannibals, the wretches, who would certainly murder them all!

It would seem by this incident, that God brought about the visit of these people to Strong's Island, and made them acquainted with Dr. Pierson, by giving him the power of relieving and comforting them in their destitution, and enlisting their gratitude toward him, that thus a door might be opened at Ebon for his missionaries to enter in and labor for him.

After breakfast, the bell rung for prayers, when Dr. Pierson told the chief that they were going to pray, at which he sprang up on the quarter rail, and cried at the top of his voice, "All keep still — all keep still; the missionary is going to keep Sunday," and all were silent until dismissed. Dr. Pierson told them that in about two moons, he and Mr. Doane were coming back to live with them. After a kind good by, these "cannibals" went off in their boats, and the Morning Star sailed for Apaiang, which, owing to contrary winds, they did not reach until November 17.

CHAPTER XI.

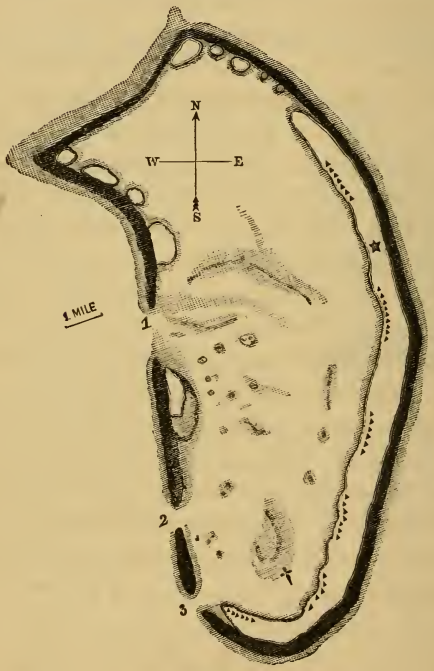
FIRST VOYAGE TO MICRONESIA, CONCLUDED.

Proa.

APAIANG, or Charlotte's Island, is one of the Kingsmill group. This group contains fifteen or twenty islands, with hundreds of smaller islets, and is considered the most populous one in Micronesia. Mr. Bingham says, "According to the lowest estimate, they contain thirty thousand people, all speaking the same language, which is similar to the Hawaiian. Hence it must be the field where Hawaiian missionaries will probably labor to the best advantage, and where most of them will for years to come be located. Thus does the Lord seem about to place me where I may labor with those of my Hawaiian countrymen, who, having been redeemed from heathenism, desire to extend Christ's kingdom to other islands of the Pacific. Happy are we in the prospect."

Apaiang contains a fine lagoon, in which Captain Moore much desired to anchor. From the south-west point of the island to the farthest

north-east is a continuous reef of coral rocks, dotted here and there with small islets. Twice, at the approach of night, the vessel was obliged



APAIANG.

The thick, black line around the island represents the coral reef. The land is the white spaces next inside of this. The large, central space is the lagoon, with its islets and shoals. At the place marked by a cross, one of the vessels of the United States exploring expedition got aground in 1841.

to lie to, when it was drifted by the current many miles from shore. It, however, got back again after many hours' labor, and anchored off the island, within a stone's throw of the breakers. Then Captain Moore took a boat, and sounded out a passage into the lagoon.

As the Morning Star slowly wound its way along the strait for two miles, the bright sun, shining upon the water, made all the hidden rocks visible; and when, after much toil and care, they were safely in the harbor, the beauty of the place was such as to make their hearts leap for joy. This was the spot where Mr. Bingham expected to remain and take up his abode. The bottom of the lagoon is covered with white sand, and scattered patches of coral.

When the vessel anchored, the sun was setting. Several canoes came alongside with fish and cocoanuts for sale, which were purchased with fish-hooks and other trifling articles. Early the next morning the highest chief, Temana, came off in his canoe. He was presented with a

The Morning Star entered the lagoon at 1. Other passages are seen at 2 and 3; the latter is only deep enough for boats.

The principal island on the south-east is about twelve miles long, and less than one mile wide. The star shows the place of Mr. Bingham's house, and the groups of dark triangles represent native villages. All this cluster of islets, reefs, and shoals, including the lagoon, is named, as if it was one island, Apaiang.

sheath-knife, plane-iron, file, small looking glass, and a bunch of beads. He expressed his willingness to have Mr. Bingham reside on the island and erect his house there. At morning prayers about forty natives were present.

Our voyagers considered it providential that they should meet here a Captain Randall, an Englishman, who had lived several years on this and the adjacent islands, being engaged in the cocoanut oil trade. He was a respectable man, and had acquired great influence throughout the whole group. It seemed difficult for him to understand that the missionaries had no trading purposes in view. They desired an interpreter, through whom they might make known their wishes to the king; and this gentleman, being well acquainted with the language, was ready to afford them his assistance. He introduced to them Kaiia, the son of the king, saying that he was the most popular man on the island; and afterward procured for them a conference with the king himself. When the latter was informed of the desire of the missionaries to live on his island, he replied, "Many moons ago, American ship come; one big ship outside the still water [the lagoon] — another little ship in still water. Little ship fall on reef — plenty kanakas [natives] go. Little ship speak, 'bang — bang — bang' — kill kanaka, big gun. White man black inside;" [meaning not friendly.]

But the interpreter said, "These men are missionaries — no fight — no gun — no powder. You go on board, you no see gun."

Then the king said, "S'pose missionaries be all *white* inside, me like come live on my island. My people no kill — no steal. Give plenty cocoanut and fish. All right."

Accordingly, in the afternoon, a party, consisting of Captain Randall, Mr. Doane, Dr. Pierson, Mr. Bingham, Kanoa, Noa, and Kaiia, the chief, went on shore to find a suitable place for the mission premises. The king showed them a spot in the center of his village, which he would give them, with a house, which they might keep or remove, as they chose; but they preferred a site in a more retired place. He then conducted them to another, just out of the village, with which they were pleased. Before they decided, however, to take it, they went to visit a large banyan tree, the only one on the island, growing on the lagoon shore, three miles further to the south-east. This tree they found to measure, with its branches, ninety feet in diameter. It was of symmetrical form, the exterior branches reaching to the ground, inclosing a space within which hundreds might sit in a close shade. The natives regarded it with superstitious veneration. Mr. Bingham would have been pleased to build his house near this tree, but for the fact that it,

too, was in the vicinity of a large village where the king's son, Kaiia, resided.

At length a site was selected, about a quarter of a mile south-east of the king's village, Koinawa, which pleased them all. It was a point projecting a little into the lagoon, and elevated several feet above the average height of the island. Near by was a large shrub tree, and a young jack fruit tree, and a large taro patch was in the rear. The cocoanut trees in the vicinity were lofty and numerous. The lagoon resembled a beautiful lake, sixteen miles long and six in its greatest breadth, in which several kinds of fish were to be found. On the reef which inclosed it were twelve small islands, covered with numerous little clumps of trees.

After deciding upon the spot, and making it known to the king, he cheerfully consented to give it, and the party returned to the Morning Star, grateful to a kind Providence for the mercies they were receiving at his hand.

The Morning Star was now got under way, and came to anchor near the edge of a coral shoal which extended out from the shore, within half a mile of the building site. The land was next marked out, which the king was to give them; he was very liberal, even ready to bestow more than they were willing to take. Mrs. Bingham went on shore to assist her husband in fix-

ing the exact locality of the house. They decided that it should face the lagoon, and the cook house, including a room for Noa and his wife, should be placed a short distance from the main house, and nearer the shore.* In the afternoon the crew of the Morning Star were occupied in landing the poles and lumber, and helping to make ready the stone for the underpinning of the corners. When the underpinning was completed, every body on board, missionaries and crew, engaged in setting up the frame, which had been brought, ready prepared, from Honolulu. A large cocoanut tree, which leaned so much as to endanger the cook house, was cut down. It was sixty feet long, and made excellent posts. The native men and boys rendered much assistance in carrying the lumber and poles.

Sabbath, November 22, was a day of rest. Dr. Pierson and Mr. Doane preached. Captain Randall and some of his men attended the services, and listened attentively to the preaching of God's word. The prayer meeting in the evening was interesting and profitable. None of the natives were allowed to visit the ship on that day.

On Monday morning, refreshed by the Sabbath rest, all were ready to go to work in good earnest; but it being the carpenter's Sunday, they were obliged to do without him. The king and

* See view of the premises, page 284.

many of the natives spent the whole day in watching the progress of the house. Every night he or his chiefs slept on the premises, to guard them from theft, and some of them remained also during the day.

During the night and the next morning, rain hindered the work. Some of the company visited Koinawa, and took a walk through the village. Among other places, they visited the king's boat, which is thus described by Mr. Bingham: "This is the most wonderful specimen of naval architecture among a barbarous people we have seen. Its length is nearly seventy feet, its depth about eight, and its width six. Not a nail was used in the whole structure, all the boards, which are wonderfully smooth, being fastened together with cocoanut cord. The top of each side, through the whole length, is lined with white cowries, and about each end they are attached in rich profusion."

Wednesday the building progressed; one side was covered, and a part of the roof shingled. In Mr. Bingham's journal of this date, he says, "We think that the little owners of the Morning Star would be interested in watching the cheerful workmen of various classes who are engaged in the erection of this the first house brought to Micronesia in the Morning Star."

On Thursday night all the house was inclosed,

and more than half roofed. Noa assisted Kanoa in his house building, and quite a number of women aided in preparing thatch for him. In the afternoon, a man came from the village to complain of one of the Hawaiian sailors, who had been drinking *toddy* — the fermented juice of the cocoanut — and beaten a man. Mr. Gulick went back with him to attend to the case, and as they were on the way, the native inquired if the sailors were not all missionaries, supposing that all the people who came there from Oahu were of that class. "Thus," said Mr. Bingham, "we begin early, even with the crew of the Morning Star, to experience the trials of the missionary arising from seamen. May our hearts not yet despond."

On Saturday the shingling was continued, the sleepers for the lower floor were inserted, and the laying down of the floor commenced. The king engaged to build the cook house for twelve dollars, to be paid in knives, files, cloth, &c. During the day a brig entered the lagoon, and came to anchor near the Morning Star. This was the Almeda, of Sydney, another of the vessels engaged in the cocoanut oil trade. Her commander, Captain Fairclough, was an Englishman, and a very sociable and kindly disposed man.

Sabbath, November 29, was another "sweet

day of sacred rest." Dr. Gulick preached in the morning, in the afternoon Mr. Bingham. "From the strong probability," says he, "of the occasion being the last one of the kind for some time to come, it was naturally one of special interest to me. It seemed, in a measure, as if I were taking leave of a parish over which I had been settled."

The house being covered, the work next morning went on, though the morning was rainy. The lower floor was laid, and the partition put up, which divided the house into two rooms, the larger, a sitting room, sixteen by fourteen feet, and the smaller a bedroom. There were two outside doors in the main room, and two windows with blinds. The bedroom had two windows—one looking toward the lagoon, the other toward the village.

All this time, men, women, and children honored the workmen with their constant presence; and as beam after beam, and board after board, was carried to its place, their eyes opened wide with amazement, and their approbation manifested itself in significant exclamations. Many things must have been great curiosities to those people, and to covet them would have been natural. Yet they took nothing, which is wonderful, if we consider their thievish propensities. Would every thing have been thus safe in Christian lands?

The remainder of the goods, and also the provisions, were landed on the 1st day of December, and Mr. and Mrs. Bingham commenced housekeeping. After all their wanderings it was sweet to feel that they were once more *at home*. Just two weeks after landing, his house was completed, also Kanoa's, and the cook house, where the provisions were stored, and in which Noa and his wife had a room.

When every thing to be done for Mr. Bingham was finished, a meeting was held in his house, at which all the missionary company were present; also the king, and some of his people. Through Captain Randall, as interpreter, Mr. Gulick commended Mr. Bingham to the king's care. He stated the object for which he had come to live with them, and at whose command he had come. Captain Randall said frankly that he did not know how to make them understand this, and told the people he could not, but that Mr. Bingham would do it when he had learned their language. Captain Randall did not profess to be a Christian, and he probably spoke truly, for gospel truths are little known to worldly men; they are "foolishness to them, and must be spiritually discerned." He was very attentive to the service on the Sabbath, and perhaps the establishment of this mission may prove a blessing to him, as well as the heathen.

In just one year from the day the Morning Star sailed from Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Bingham were settled at Apaiang, their Kingsmill Island home, and the day of their landing was the anniversary of their marriage. Captain Moore, his officers and crew, presented them with ninety dollars, as a farewell token of their esteem for him and his wife. Mr. Bingham left it with him to be forwarded to Boston, for the purchase of a boat, to convey him about among the islands. Captain Randall and Captain Fairclough also made him a present of paints sufficient to paint his house.

Although many things remained to be done before our missionary families could be fully settled, it was thought advisable not to detain the Morning Star longer at Apaiang. Accordingly, orders were given to proceed with all dispatch to Ebon, there to establish Mr. Doane and Dr. Pierson. The farewell services having been held on shore, she passed slowly out of the lagoon; all sails were spread, and soon Apaiang, made interesting by so many pleasant associations, sunk from view behind the waves.

We add a few more particulars respecting the people of Apaiang. They very much resemble the Hawaiian race — are indolent, healthy, fat, and thievish. Both males and females wear the *malo*, which is made of grass or leaves; but chil-

dren under ten or twelve years of age, and many grown persons, go entirely naked. All have large holes in their ears, in which various ornaments are inserted.

One morning, as Captain Moore went up from his cabin, he found several of these naked beings on deck, and taking a roll of calico, he called one after another, and fastened a piece about their waists like a malo. Proceeding in this way some time, with new applicants constantly approaching, his suspicions were aroused. On inquiry, he found that as soon as one received a piece, he went forward, took it off, dropped it into his boat, and came back for more. When they found themselves detected, they gave way to boisterous merriment.

Cocoanut oil, which is almost their only article of traffic, is bartered for tobacco, of which they are very fond. No domestic animals of any kind, except dogs, were found on the island. Mr. Bingham brought with him goats, pigs, and fowls.

A fair wind wafted the Morning Star speedily along, and on the 5th of December, Ebon, or Covel's Island, the southern extremity of the Ralick chain, appeared to view. When off the south-west point of the reef, the dove, flying at the main-top, was seen by some fishing boats, who hastened to the shore to spread the glad

news. This, it will be recollected, was the island from which the company of one hundred persons came, who drifted in their canoes to Strong's Island.*

As the vessel rounded the point, it was met by fifteen or twenty canoes, containing probably one hundred and fifty persons. These manifested their joy at the arrival in all possible ways, shouting, singing, and dancing. The Morning Star, beating up toward the harbor, with a train of fifteen or twenty large proas in her wake, and all alive with laughing, shouting natives, was a sight calculated to awaken the liveliest emotions in the hearts of both missionaries and crew.

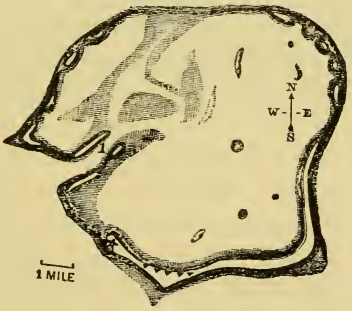
The king was among the first on board. He welcomed each person by taking one of his hands, and placing it on his breast, at the same time placing one of his upon them, as a token of friendship. Both he and his people were delighted to find that the two missionaries had returned to reside among them. As it was Saturday when the vessel came to anchor outside the lagoon, the people were told that the next day was Sunday, — a sacred day, — and it was desired that none should visit the vessel. Accordingly not one approached until night, when the king sent to inquire when they might come.

On Monday morning, at peep of day, they

* See page 175.

swarmed upon the deck like bees. The missionaries went ashore with the king, and selected a spot of ground on which to build the houses.

The passage into the lagoon was dangerous, being between two islets, with wide coral reefs on each side. Captain Moore went forward to select the way, and the Morning Star followed slowly. When they had gone some distance into the narrow passage, night came on, and it could be explored no further. This was a bad place in which to anchor, but there was no help for it. The current ran furiously, and heavy squalls of wind and rain were experienced. The harsh grating of the anchors, as they dragged over the rough



EBON.

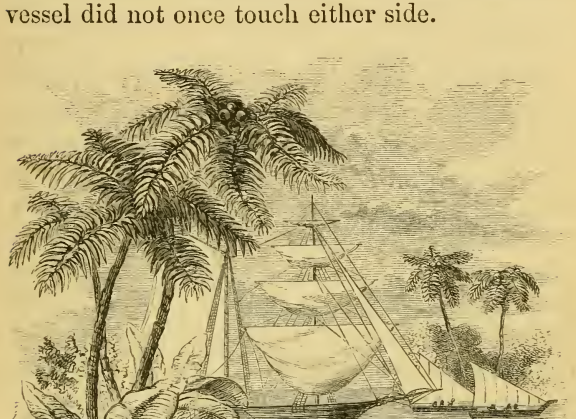
This island is much like Apaiang — a long, narrow strip of land — with many small islets along a reef, inclosing a lagoon. The mission station is at the place marked by a star. The passage into the lagoon where the vessel entered is at 1. No ship ever passed it before the Morning Star.

coral bottom, sounded like distant thunder. Captain Moore, hearing of another anchorage, tried to find it, but none existed.

Well, what was to be done? It was necessary for the vessel to remain at the island at least two weeks, in order to build the houses. The missionaries must go on shore every morning to attend to business, and return at night. Water casks must be filled, and wood and ballast taken in. In order to accomplish all this, the vessel must go into the lagoon somehow or other. So Dr. Pierson made the king acquainted with the state of affairs. He said he would have men stationed on the reef, and haul the vessel through, if the wind continued unfavorable. At night the current drifted the Morning Star far out to sea, and all the following day was consumed in getting back again.

Thursday morning rose bright and clear. The natives were seen gathering upon the reef in great numbers. When the vessel was near enough, ropes were thrown out, and as many as one hundred and fifty men seized hold of them. The word was then given, and away they went, some wading, some swimming; now slacking up to let her escape the rocks, then towing again with all their might against the current, laughing and shouting all the while, — till at length the straits were passed, and the little vessel

glided safe and sound upon the smooth, still water within. So nicely was it done, that the vessel did not once touch either side.



THE MORNING STAR ENTERING THE LAGOON.

When the long, narrow passage was passed, Captain Moore came down from the masthead, where he had superintended the operation, and said, "Come, my friends, let us have a prayer of thanks to God for his kindness." The prayer was offered, and then he said, "Three cheers, sailor fashion, for our success;" and jumping on the companion way, he led off, "Hip, hip, hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah!" All hands joined,

missionaries, seamen, and natives, and the Morning Star took possession of the lagoon in the name of the Lord. No vessel had ever entered it before.

When Dr. Pierson went on shore, an aged female chief, who had once been on the same vessel with him and his wife, on their passage from one island to another, came out to meet him. Taking both his hands, she affectionately led him into her house, and expressed her pleasure at his arrival. Many others whom he met seemed to regard him as an old friend. And this was the people who had been reputed to be cannibals, and whom Captain Moore had been cautioned not to permit to approach his vessel! Truly, God had gone before, and prepared the way for his people.

The chief ordered the natives to cut down trees, and clear the ground for the mission premises. It was a beautiful site of several acres in extent. As soon as practicable, the timber for Mr. Doane's house was landed. Several of the crew aided the carpenter in framing the house, and preparing doors and windows. Dr. Pierson's being in the native style, except doors and windows, the materials were collected on the ground, and it was put up entirely by natives. After Mr. Doane's frame was raised, that was also covered and thatched by natives.

The houses stand in a grove of lofty bread fruit and cocoanut trees, and are about twenty-five rods apart. A pandanus tree, scattered here and there, gives variety to the foliage. Glimpses of the ocean on the south and west are occasionally seen through the trees, while in full view on the north is the lagoon. This is a beautiful sheet of water, about eight miles in diameter — a quiet lake of varied tints, encircled by a belt of emerald green, and bordered by a fringe of snowy breakers, where the ceaseless waves are continually surging. The largest islands on the reef are three or four miles long, and generally covered with a deep-green foliage.

The absence of water on these low islands has been regarded as forbidding the settlement of white missionaries upon them. On Ebon, however, and some others, are wells of water, and Dr. Gulick thought them better than most at Hawaii.

Near the village are two burying grounds, each containing a number of graves. One is for the high chiefs; a low mound is raised over each grave, as in this country, the sides being supported by flat stones, and the top covered with coral and gravel. At the head and foot is a paddle stuck in the ground, with the blade up. The bodies of the common people are wrapped in mats, and thrown into the sea.

These islanders love the sea, and in nothing do they manifest so much energy and skill as in building and rigging their proas. The missionaries saw many of these on the stocks; some were being built, and others repaired. They are often of great length, sometimes more than forty feet from stem to stern, with outriggers and platforms extending across, ten feet on one side and twenty on the other. The masts are very high, supported by braces of cocoanut ropes. In the making of this cordage the people exhibit much skill. The sail is triangular in form, and attached to the top of the mast. As both ends of the boat are made alike, the sail is easily shifted as the wind may require. Paddles are used only for steering. These proas, being very sharp, sail fast; but when a contrary wind arises, they are sometimes carried hundreds of miles away from their course.

The missionaries thought there were probably a thousand inhabitants in the village, which extended two miles along the shore. Among these were many sprightly children. The men had fine, athletic forms. They tattoo their bodies down to the waist, and the holes in their ears are very large. They wear a sort of skirt, extending to their knees. A chief, full dressed, with lilies and other flowers on his head, arms, and in his ears, presents quite a graceful appear-

ance. The women are neat; they comb their hair smoothly, and fasten it in a knot behind. They wear a prettily embroidered skirt of matting from their waist to their feet, and appear modest and retiring. In general, the natives pronounce the English language with great facility, and easily learn to understand it.

On the 25th of December, Dr. Pierson's house being completed, and Mr. Doane's nearly ready to receive his family, the vessel made ready to depart. Great care was necessary to get out of the lagoon. The kedge anchor was carried ahead, and all hands were hauling away, when the rope parted. Then two coils of Manilla rope, that were brought from Boston, were got out, and with this they warped the vessel through, and hove to opposite the mission houses. Some of the company went on shore, where a short prayer meeting was held, and then took their leave. The anchor was raised, the sails spread, and the Morning Star departed on her homeward voyage to Hawaii.

On her way she passed between the Radack and Ralick Islands, in order to explore the Radack Sea. Beautiful little islets, connected together like beads on a string, lay on each side of them. Some are inhabited by people who live peacefully together, without fear of other tribes. Here they eat and sleep, and listen to

the roar of old ocean, as it beats incessantly upon their shores.

On the passage, a severe storm was encountered without damage, and the vessel had a good run. In two successive days they made two hundred and twenty-five miles.

Much had been accomplished since the Morning Star left Honolulu. Mr. Doane wrote a letter home at this time, describing the voyage, and the service which the vessel had rendered to the mission.

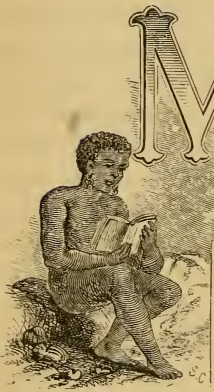
"Let me tell you," said he, "what she has done. While at the Sandwich Islands, she took on board the mail and all the provisions for the missionaries on Ponape and Strong's Islands, as well as the goods for the new missionary, who was to go to some other island. And when she reached Strong's Island, taking on board the missionaries there, she sailed for Ponape, distant three hundred miles. Arriving there, she landed the goods of those missionaries who were to remain on that island, and then, waiting for all to have a general meeting, she took on board one of the families there, which was to remove to another island; visited Wellington and McAskill's Islands, to learn whether missionaries might not be wanted on them; passed on to Strong's Island, landed the missionary who lives there, and took on board a Hawaiian family,

which had been appointed to one of the Kingsmill Islands. Then, sailing again, she went with two mission families to Apaiang, one of the Kingsmill Islands, remaining there nearly two weeks, to see them comfortably located, and sailed with two other families to Ebon or Covel's Island, to locate them. Now, in all this circuitous sailing, in providing us an opportunity to hold our meeting, and get our goods, the little vessel has already performed a service that would warrant the whole expense of building her. The practical value of this missionary packet to the cause of the Redeemer has been all that was expected. And now she is yielding a good percentage. Dear children, your dimes are doing good; they have not been spent in vain."

This visit of the missionaries had brought joy and gladness to many hearts. They had helped to restore tranquillity to one island, whose inhabitants were engaged in a bloody war; visited, in all, six islands: and found open doors for Hawaiian laborers, as soon as they could be sent, in some others. The Morning Star had sailed about ten thousand miles, and arrived at Honolulu, without any disaster, a month earlier than was expected.

CHAPTER XII.

SECOND VOYAGE TO THE MARQUESAS.



A Native reading.

MARCH 16, 1858, the Morning Star commenced her second voyage to the Marquesas. She carried a Hawaiian missionary and several teachers for those islands; also Rev. Mr. Bishop as a delegate from the Hawaiian Missionary Society. On the 25th of April, they reached the station at Omoa Bay in Fatuhiva, and were joyfully welcomed by the people.

Mr. Bishop, in one of his letters, wrote, "The arrival of the Morning Star was a great event to the natives, giving consequence to their valley, and the missionaries stationed there, which called forth a liberality never before exerted by that people. On every side were greetings and expressions of cordial esteem which I had never expected to witness. Hogs, bread fruit, cocoa-

nuts, and bananas were brought in, more than the missionaries and their families could possibly consume. The surplus was sent off to the vessel, and we were all supplied in the greatest profusion."

But there were other hearts glad besides those of the natives. Mr. Bishop and those who accompanied him were no less delighted to meet them, and see the evidence that the missionaries had not labored in vain and spent their strength for naught. The same evening that they arrived, five persons were proposed for admission to the church, and Kuaihelani, one of the new teachers from Hawaii, was examined as to his fitness to preach the gospel. The day following was the Sabbath; about one hundred attended meeting. The five candidates were received to the church, and the Lord's supper was celebrated. In the afternoon Kuaihelani was ordained.

Five years had passed since the commencement of the mission at Omoa. During that time, a little community had been gathered, who had forsaken their heathenish customs, and professed to believe in Jehovah. These attended the religious meetings more or less regularly, and a great part of them were learning to read. Seven had been admitted to a public profession of Christianity.

One of the first difficulties which the mission-

ary encounters, as he enters his field of labor, arises from the language. This is all new to him. He finds no written language at all, no grammar, no teacher. In some instances, months, and even years, have not sufficed to overcome these difficulties, and enable him to preach without an interpreter. The way he is compelled to learn the language is as follows: —

When the natives talk, he endeavors to remember and write down the words they use. Then, as he has opportunity, he inquires what those words mean. Perhaps the people *jabber* so fast that they do not speak the words distinctly, and so he is not able to repeat properly what he has but half heard, and gets laughed at for his pains. At other times, when the meaning of a word is asked, the natives nod their heads in a peculiar way, and say they do not know. The missionaries are therefore obliged to follow them about from place to place, hoping at last to get some clew to what they are seeking. This process of learning a language must be very tedious.

Mr. Doane, in referring to this subject, said that he had searched six months among his people to find a word expressing the idea of repentance, — the Bible signification of that word, — but all in vain, and he did not believe that such a word existed. They knew what it was to feel

fear and shame for an evil act, but with this they never connected the *forsaking* of the evil. They might be sorry or afraid, but this did not prevent them from doing the same thing again on the first favorable opportunity.

The report of Mr. Bishop to the Hawaiian Missionary Society contained many statements of interest respecting the condition and character of the people. He describes them as generally in the lowest state of barbarism. Their houses, though placed under the shade of the richest and most beautiful trees in the world, where every thing in nature is so charming, are constructed in the rudest manner: the thatched roofs are only tolerably tight; the sides made of bamboos set upright, leaving openings between them; the floors of rough stones, uncovered, without mats or other furniture except the wooden trays in which their food is kept.

They tattoo their bodies horribly, from head to foot; no clothing, except the tapa girdle, or malo, is worn by either men or women. Their hair is tied in a knot on the top of their head. For ornaments they wear a bunch of feathers or human hair on each ankle, and a small sea shell, curiously wrought, in each ear. Their forms are fine, but they are so besmeared with cocoanut oil, mixed with turmeric, to give a yellow tinge to their skin, that they are exceedingly

offensive to strangers, though, doubtless, highly agreeable to themselves. *We* are very fond of cologne, rose, lavender, and other perfumes; but these might be as disagreeable to a South Sea Islander, as cocoanut oil and turmeric paint are to us.

The Marquesan is a warrior, and spends all he can get in buying guns and ammunition from vessels that visit the islands; but he is not very brave. He never faces his enemy in open battle, but skulks behind a tree, points his weapon, loaded with a double quantity of powder, and an enormous slug rammed down, shuts his eyes, and pulls away. The discharge gives him a disagreeable kick in the shoulder, and makes a tremendous roar, doing little damage to any one but himself. If he happens to meet a man, woman, or child, of his enemies, alone and unguarded, he falls upon his unsuspecting victim, cuts off the head, carries it home, and makes a feast, claiming the honor of a brave. He never takes a prisoner alive, unless to be a sacrifice to his gods; then he feasts upon the flesh.

The Marquesans are, in personal appearance, a noble people, full of good nature, lively in their manners, and kind to their friends; but they are wholly averse to all labor, except what is necessary to procure or cook their food. They

despise the idea of being subject to any one, and to call a man a servant, though of a chief, makes him very angry. The missionaries can not hire the people to work; when they need help, they are obliged to employ strangers, generally sailors who have deserted from their ships while stopping at the islands.

Many foolish superstitions and tabus are cherished by them, which cause them much inconvenience and wretchedness. If any of these are ridiculed, they are offended. But these heathen characteristics disappear when the people come under the influence of Christianity. The missionaries have not literally pulled down idols, but they preached Jesus Christ crucified for sinners as the only way of salvation, and the duties of morality as exhibited in the gospel. The fruits of these teachings begin to be seen already, and the people will themselves pull down their idols and reform their lives, when they feel the power of God's truth in their hearts.

The climate of these islands is very healthy. If they were, like the coasts of Hawaii, without trees, the heat would be intolerable; but here are both delightful shade and cooling breeze. Vegetation is luxuriant; the fruits drop from the trees, or the people have only to pluck them. Famine in such a spot is impossible. "Such delicious bread fruit and rich cocoanut milk,"

said Mr. Bishop, "I never expect to taste again. In the enjoyment of these luxuries our missionaries have grown fat, and quite lost their desire for the poi of Hawaii."

ISLAND SCENERY.

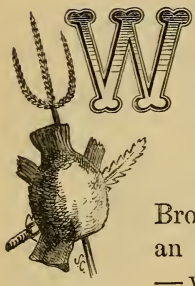
A business meeting was held while the Morning Star was at the islands, and missionaries and teachers were designated for each station. Those who had preceded them were contented and happy in their work. It was believed that Hawaiians were better adapted to that field than Americans, both from the similarity of the climate and the language to those of Hawaii.

After remaining nearly two months at the Marquesas, the Morning Star bade them farewell, and arrived at Honolulu, May 20. Some repairs were found to be necessary in her sheathing, and after these were completed she would be ready to depart again for Micronesia.

Here we must take leave of Captain Moore, who now relinquished the command of the Morning Star, and returned to America. How different the impression which had been made by him upon those heathen people, from that which has been made by too many American captains! To the missionaries he had been a Christian brother and friend, and by his example had recommended the religion they taught. He will ever retain their grateful remembrance and cordial esteem.

CHAPTER XIII.

SECOND VOYAGE TO MICRONESIA.

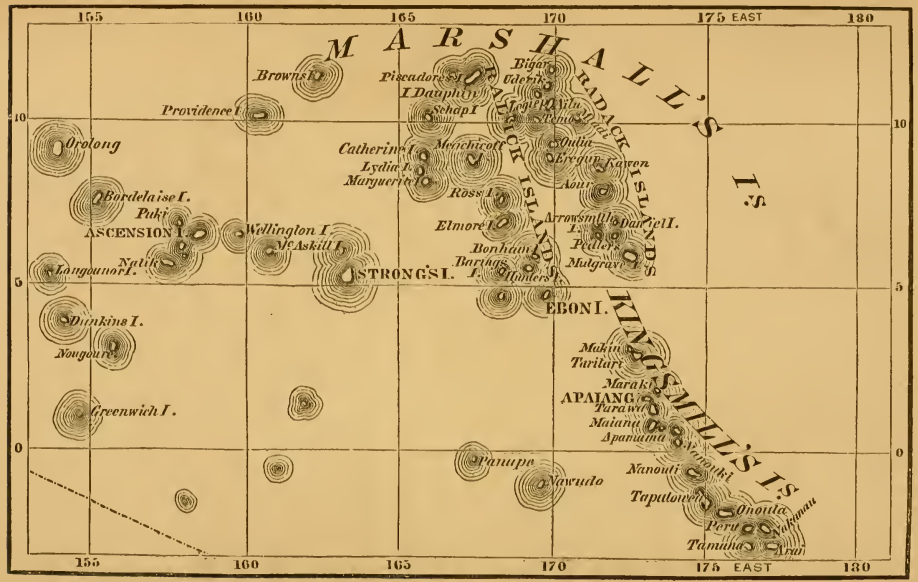


Native Armor.

WHEN the necessary repairs had been made, the Morning Star set forth on her second voyage to Micronesia, on the last of June, 1858. She was now commanded by Captain John Brown, of New London, Conn., — an able seaman and a pious man, — who had been sent out by the American Board for that purpose.

Mrs. Gulick, wife of Dr. Gulick, of Ascension Island, with her children, having been some months at Hawaii to recruit their health, now returned to her field of labor. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, who had recently arrived from America to join the Micronesian mission, went passengers also, and with them some native helpers.

After a pleasant passage of fifteen days, they arrived at Apaiang, in the Kingsmill group, on the 14th of July. This, it will be remembered, is the island where Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, with Kanoa and his wife, were left the previous year. They had found the people very friendly,



MAP OF MICRONESIA.

though they would steal from them whenever an opportunity presented.

No vessel had visited the island for several months after their arrival. During this period they had been called upon to pass through a trying scene. A party of savages from the island of Tarawa, a few miles distant, came to Apaiang, in one hundred canoes, some of which were from forty to fifty feet long, and attacked the people. The natives assembled in haste, and a bloody battle was fought on the beach, about six miles from Mr. Bingham's dwelling. At one time they feared that the battle ground would be directly about their house; but the little company gave themselves to prayer, and trusted in the divine protection. All day long the contest raged, and they were in suspense as to the issue. At last they saw one boat push off, then another, and another, and soon learned that the Apaiang people were victorious, but their king and many of his warriors were slain. His son, who succeeded him, was severely wounded. At the close of the fight he presented himself at Mr. Bingham's gate, and his well known, friendly voice was heard, calling for "Bingham." One cheek had been dreadfully torn with a spear, and his whole person was drenched with blood. Mr. Bingham dressed the wound, and continued his care of it until it was healed. The king of

the Tarawans was left dead on the field of battle. The Lord, in whom the missionaries trusted, had kept them safely, and nothing had been suffered to hurt them.

The weapons of these savages are very formidable. The most important is the spear, consisting of a shaft of cocoanut wood, ten or twelve feet long, one end of which is armed with four rows of sharks' teeth strongly lashed in grooves upon the sides. A thrust or blow from this inflicts a terrible wound. For defensive armor they have a curiously braided shirt of mail, and a helmet made of the rough, prickly skin of the porcupine fish. This they remove entire from the fish, except the head, and gradually distending the neck, make it large enough to admit their own head, in which shape it is dried. When worn, the tail and fins stand aloft like a crest, presenting a very singular and grotesque appearance.

A second party from Tarawa, who were friendly, visited Apaiang soon after the battle, and were brought by the young king to Mr. Bingham's, that they might "see a great sight," viz., a little American built house, made of grooved boards. A small compass and an alarm clock were also objects of much wonder. While the party were at the house, Mrs. Bingham, who had been sick, was drawn out of her bedroom

in a chair, to see them, and the white woman proved to be the greatest curiosity of all. Mr. Bingham's daguerreotypes excited a great deal of interest, especially that of the "old missionary at Oahu," Mr. Bingham's father.

Immediately after his arrival, Mr. Bingham began the study of the language. He first formed an alphabet, and commenced teaching it to some bright little boys who came about the house. In less than three months some of them could read words of one syllable. By picking up one word after another, as the noisy natives shouted in his ears, Mr. Bingham at length collected about eleven hundred in all. Assisted by Kanoa, he commenced public worship on the Sabbath, seven months after his arrival.

"The sight," said he, "of naked men, girls, and boys, and more than half naked women; the observance of their utter poverty; their worship of false gods; their immodesty and licentiousness; their unbounded lying and covetousness, theft, and warlike spirit; and a realizing sense of their ignorance of a final judgment, of heaven, of hell, and of Jesus Christ, — have made me long to preach to them Christ crucified."

On Sabbath morning, Mr. Bingham held a regular service at Koinawa, the residence of the king; in the afternoon, at Ewena, distant a few

miles in another direction. In these labors Kanoa assisted him, and at the conclusion of the preaching service, a Sabbath school was held. Mr. Bingham sat down near the king, and taught all those who would listen; and though not addressing the king directly, the latter could not fail to share in the instructions. Kanoa taught another class of men, and Mrs. Bingham one of women. These were at times very interesting; at others, the people walked about and talked among themselves, just as many do in this country, instead of attending the Sabbath school. Some of the little girls attended also, but with no regularity. They needed the influence of their parents to encourage them to persevere.

Sometimes persons would go to Mr. Bingham's house and ask to be taught the way of life. This would much encourage the missionaries, who felt at times disheartened, in view of the indifference of the people. Their prayers were fervent that God's Holy Spirit would crown their labors with success, for they had no hope in any power but his.

Mrs. Bingham felt very deeply the degraded condition of the females. The greater part of their time was spent in lounging about, without any employment. They were mostly unclad, filthy in their habits, and grossly ignorant; and though they sometimes looked at her employ-

ments with wonder, it did not stimulate them to labor themselves. She was anxious to commence a school for them, and sometimes would succeed in gaining the attendance of a few for a short time. They, however, grew weary of it very soon, and several days would pass without their being seen. A present of a piece of calico or some other article would influence them a little while, but that was all. A few commenced learning to sew, and performed their work very well.

As an amanuensis Mrs. Bingham was a valuable assistant to her husband. His eyes were at times very painful, especially when exposed to the heat of a tropical sun; and at such times reading or writing was nearly impossible. The journals and letters to friends were mostly written by her, either alone or at his dictation. In his communications to his friends, Mr. Bingham often alludes to these labors of Mrs. Bingham with a grateful heart.

Apaiang produces but three kinds of fruit—cocoanuts, pandanus nuts, and a coarse kind of root called ti-poi-poi. Bread fruit, yams, and other vegetables which grow in great abundance at Ascension and Strong's Islands, are not found here. Rice, flour, and salt beef were the chief dependence of the missionaries. Mr. Bingham had made a fair experiment of planting bananas,

sweet potatoes, onions, squashes, and pumpkins; but the soil, consisting solely of coral sand, with little or no vegetable mold, would produce nothing of the kind; the plants lived, but did not grow. No fowls or hogs could be had, except those which were carried there in the Morning Star. Captain Randall presented Mr. Bingham a pig, but the cocoanuts were poor fare for it, and the pandanus nuts it would not touch; so, of course, it did not thrive.

After a short stay at Apaiang, the Morning Star went on to Ebon. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham went in her to attend a general meeting at Ascension. Messrs. Doane and Pierson, with their families, were all in good health. Mrs. Pierson addressed a letter at this time to a lady in America, expressing her joy at the arrival: "The Morning Star came to anchor off the island on Saturday night. Dr. Pierson and Mr. Doane hastened at peep of day on board the vessel, while Mrs. Doane and myself prepared to receive the expected friends. About 2 o'clock they came on shore. Then the greetings, the gushing tears, the overflowing of our hearts in gratitude, as we bowed together to thank our heavenly Father for this great mercy! The wondering savages crowded around our door, gazing with astonishment upon the scene; and when we bowed our heads in worship, they bowed

also, hushed to quietness by the voice of praise and prayer, for they have already learned to stand in awe of the missionary's God. Then we recounted the blessings, the joys, the trials, the afflictions through which we had severally passed, and wept with Mrs. Bingham, who had laid her first born beneath the cocoa's shade, on the low coral isle. . . . . .

"But we must prepare to entertain these dear friends who are fatigued with their voyage, and will remain on shore while the good ship unlades our part of the provisions, such as salt beef, fish, and flour. A barrel of potatoes makes us almost forget we are on this sand isle, and a nice cooking stove is very acceptable, after cooking so long by a little fire built on the ground.

"The many tokens of love, too, from dear friends, bring tears to our eyes and gratitude to our hearts. O my friend, if you or any other builders of the 'Morning Star' could have peeped in upon us, I think you would have wept with us, and thanked God for putting it into your hearts to send us this dear vessel."

Though Ebon had been considered one of the most barbarous of the Pacific islands, the missionaries had lived there in perfect safety. They found that their lot had been cast among an interesting people, and that the field was every way a desirable one. The savage king, who was

a terror to his subjects, had protected the mission carefully and effectually. Several acres of land had been given for their use, and though some thefts had been committed, their property had not materially suffered. They had received nothing but kindness and respect from the natives; yet they were the first foreigners that ever resided among them, and the Morning Star was the first vessel that ever held intercourse with them unharmed. The comparatively mild and friendly character of the people is attributed by Mr. Doane to the absence of intoxicating drinks, firearms, and tobacco, and to the fact that vile foreigners have not made their home there.

The first Sabbath after the missionaries came among them, the natives assembled for worship, and Dr. Pierson addressed them in their own language. From fifty to one hundred attended regularly every Sabbath afterward. The king proposed to build a church immediately after the return of Dr. Pierson from the general meeting.

Natives from several of the more northern islands had visited Ebon, and carried back to their homes some knowledge of the true God. The Ralick Islands are all under one set of chiefs, who have made Ebon their head quarters, because there is found the greatest supply of provisions. The people were sometimes trouble-

some about the house, being very ready to steal any thing they fancied, when the missionary's back was turned. They could not understand why they might not go any where they chose about the house, and share all the missionaries' food. But the protection of Kiapuka had always been extended to them, and the expressions of personal regard from the people were frequent and strong. Dr. Pierson, being a physician, was highly esteemed, and probably this was one great reason for their kind feelings.

The religion of the natives consisted in the belief of two supreme deities in heaven, and an evil spirit in hell. The soul, after death, went to a distant, earthly paradise, from which it occasionally returned to visit friends. When the high priest, who was a warm friend of the mission, was asked something about this paradise, he replied that he did not know, as no one had ever come back from that land and told them. They seemed ready to believe all that the missionaries taught of the character of God, and the coming and death of Christ as the Saviour of the world.

Good attention was always paid on the Sabbath to the preaching of the word. "Those who are present," said Dr. Pierson, "repeat at home what they have heard; it is often referred to in their conversation during the week, and I have

been surprised to hear the people express so much pleasure as they do, in the fact that we pray to our God in their behalf. They appear to feel this the more, as they learn more of God's greatness. Thus the light of truth is entering their minds, though they yet see but dimly; and probably their views of truth are somewhat distorted, for they will add their notes and comments so as to make it as consistent as possible with their own theories."

The climate is pleasant, with abundance of rain. The missionaries had had a good supply of such food as the island produced — bread fruit, pandanus fruit, cocoanuts, taro, and bananas. It was found difficult to keep animals; there was plenty for them to eat, but some noxious plant destroyed them.

The mission had received some valuable presents from two captains, a few months previous. One of these, Captain Chapel, besides some personal gifts, presented them with "two lambs, male and female; one noble sow, with a family of eight pigs about her; two goats; and a pit-saw, which Dr. Pierson at once put to service to work out flooring." Captain Milton left "some half-grown pigs and a pair of ducks." These were generous donations to the mission, and the visits of those captains will long be held in grateful remembrance.

The Morning Star, having completed her visit here, next proceeded to Strong's Island, or Ualan, taking thither Dr. and Mrs. Pierson. Mr. Doane remained at the station. They arrived at the island August 7, and had expected to proceed to Ascension, to hold the general meeting there; but Mrs. Bingham, who had not been well for some days, on her arrival at Strong's, was sick with fever. So it was thought best that the general meeting should be held there, and that the Morning Star should go on to Ascension for Messrs. Sturges and Gulick. This was accordingly done, and she returned with those brethren on the 27th.

A conviction had been wrought in the minds of the missionaries at Strong's Island, that the war which was raging there when the Morning Star first arrived, had been the means of removing many obstacles to the progress of the gospel. God had given them an influence which otherwise they could scarcely have gained. The natives realized that they were their friends, and often referred to the visit of the vessel as of the "Peace-maker." Her arrival will doubtless always be hailed with pleasure.

Opunui, the Hawaiian teacher who assisted Mr. Snow, had died some time previously, and Mr. Snow now labored alone. Opunui loved his work; his whole soul was engaged for the good

of the people to whom God had sent him. His widow was a great comfort and assistance to Mr. and Mrs. Snow, both in teaching the natives and attending to the affairs of the household.

Mr. Snow had commenced an English school with five boys and six girls, which soon increased to twenty; but during the season when the island was visited by ships, the attendance became so irregular that it was suspended for a time. These visits were very detrimental to the people, leading them into all manner of vice, and causing great grief to the missionaries. Said Mr. Snow, "When the books are opened, there will be a scene represented from these islands of the Pacific, where ships have been accustomed to touch, at which so-called civilization will hang her head, and call upon the rocks and mountains to fall upon her, and, if possible, hide her shame from the gaze of the assembled universe; for at the bar of God these men from Christian lands will find there is such a thing as shame and remorse."

Mr. Snow had experienced the joy of receiving two of his people — a man and his wife — into church fellowship. Ketuke, the man, was one of the first to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Pierson on board the bark Belle, and had taken a deep interest in all that concerned the mission. For some time he had given pleasing evidence of a

change of heart and life. Mr. Snow spoke of his delight in hearing the voice of prayer from some of the people, while others professed to pray, and abstained from labor on the Sabbath. Said he, "It is amusing to see how *civilized* some of them are in observing the day. They will wash up, put on a clean garment, and *then lie down and sleep all day!* When I inquire why they were not at meeting, they will say that they kept the Sabbath at home in this manner, with all the apparent satisfaction of true keepers of holy time. It is no mystery where they have learned their lesson, for they have seen more of such Sabbath keeping than any other, and by those, too, who have had better instruction."

Another woman gave pleasing evidence that she was a child of grace, notwithstanding much opposition from her husband. She was an invalid, and could not attend church, but was able to enjoy the instructions of the missionary at home. It was also hoped that a work of grace had begun in the hearts of two other women who attended the weekly meeting; and others manifested much interest in the subject.

The night after the arrival of the Morning Star, the king, who had been sick for some time, died, being the third king who had deceased while Mr. Snow had resided on the island. He was an efficient man, and always treated the

missionaries with kindness. The first was King George, who promised the Hawaiian king that he "would be a father to Mr. and Mrs. Snow." In connection with his name, some reminiscences may be mentioned of the early days of the mission.

The king, you know, promised to build a house for Mr. and Mrs. Snow; but as it was not ready for them on their arrival, they were obliged to take up with such accommodations as they could get. The servants of Christ learn, in whatsoever state they are, therewith to be content; but it would have been a hard matter to be content in such a house. In the temporary shelter afforded them, "such a mingling together," said Mr. Snow, "of hogs, pigs, dogs, cats, rats, lizards, old barrels, old boxes, ropes, paddles, boxes, guns, rags, old bits of canvas, mosquitoes, and so forth, as there was in the house, we were never before accustomed to. And then the felicity of being in a rainy latitude, under a leaky roof, so that while eating, we would be obliged to get up and move our table to a drier spot; and while sleeping, or trying to sleep, we would change our pillows to the other end of the bed, that they might be a little drier, and let our feet take the shower bath! Add to this the necessity of boxing up every thing eatable, or tying it up in a napkin to keep it from

the legion of ants and other insects; all the baking to be done in a little Dutch oven, over a fire of green wood on the ground, when at times you would have to edge your way through a set of lazy and dirty natives."

When Mr. Snow had been three months at his work, the place of meeting for worship, which before had been at his own house, was changed to the king's cook house. Every thing was in readiness, and looked neat. Seats had been provided with some ingenuity, but no desk for the preacher. Mr. Snow's seat was a native tub, turned upside down, and covered with a plaid blanket shawl. Mrs. Snow had an old, low rocking chair, the only one on the island, covered with a dingy white blanket. The king and queen sat near by, on native mats; and the audience, numbering about one hundred and seventy-five, were in front. About twenty-five women had each a calico dress on, resembling a shirt, minus sleeves and collar. No woman attended without.

Soon after Mr. Snow began his labors he taught the natives the impropriety of their attending public worship without clothing. He had received a box from some friends of missions, in which were a considerable number of shirts. These were distributed among the people, and he wrote back to the donors, that if they

could only see that fine array of white cotton shirts at church on the Sabbath, they would be delighted, and encouraged to even greater effort. After this, the standing excuse for absence was, "Me got no shirt."

CONGREGATION IN SHIRTS.

In one box received by Mr. Snow was a letter from the pastor of the people who sent it. He wrote, "For the last three months I have been reminded of you every other Saturday, by a beautiful buzzing circle of about thirty girls, right under my study. The busy chat, the cracking laugh, and then the sweet closing song!

Ah, if you could have looked in upon them — needles and tongues both flying! 'Ah,' said one little one, 'shouldn't I like to get behind those little islanders and see them put on these garments!' Well, if your children are as happy in wearing as ours have been in making them, both parties will get a good bargain."

"Well," says Mr. Snow, "the box was sent *October*, 1855, and reached us in *September*, 1857; and I do not know how much longer it would have been in coming, had not the children built a missionary packet for us. The garments were very acceptable. Besides these were several pleasant little notes from the misses who made the garments, in which many questions were asked." So Mr. Snow sent a letter in reply, and answered the inquiries in the notes. Here are some of them: —

Question. "Were the people as wicked and cruel as they are in many heathen lands, when you went there?"

Answer. They did not seem so. They certainly did not eat one another. Nor did they kill one another, as they used to do years ago. I have never seen men fighting among themselves, and very seldom have seen the children get into a quarrel with their playmates. But they think it no great harm to tell lies and steal, if they don't get caught; and they are guilty of many other wicked things.

Question. "Did mothers murder their children?"

Answer. I have never heard that they did; and from their exceeding fondness for children, I judge that they were never so cruel as to murder them. A good many years ago they had a very cruel king. He had a little child that he loved very much; but it died. He felt so badly about it, that he could not bear to see any little children around, because they reminded him of the one he had lost. So he sent about to have all the little children killed! And very many were murdered. At Strong's Island, as "in Rama, was there a voice heard, lamentation, weeping, and great mourning."

Question. "Did they worship gods of wood and stone?"

Answer. I think they have never had such gods here. By some process, they deify the spirits of some of their departed people, and worship them. I have a long list of such gods. Some of them have sacred places on this island; some live on other islands; and some live in the sky.

There is a salt water eel which they hold sacred. If one should injure it, or touch it, they think some terrible calamity would befall him — perhaps death. I have killed several of these eels, to show them that no evil would come

of it; but they get over this by saying that I am a foreigner, and they won't hurt foreigners. They propitiate their deities by offering the *kava*, as at Ascension Island. There is a goddess, Sinlarker by name, who receives more attention than all the others, because her displeasure brings sadder consequences than that of all others. She gets up, they suppose, all the hurricanes, and famines, and sicknesses, and deaths of the country.

One thing which was very encouraging to us was this: One of the notes said, "Your friends pray for you at the monthly concert, and at other times," and then asks, "Are you happy? I have been told that missionaries are happy."

Answer. Yes, we are happy. And I have seen other missionaries, and they are happy. I know of a missionary whose house was burned up, and nearly all that was in it. Then he took his family into a place which would shelter them a little from the rain and the sun, and there they sat down to worship God. They sang, —

> "Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
> Stand dressed in living green," —

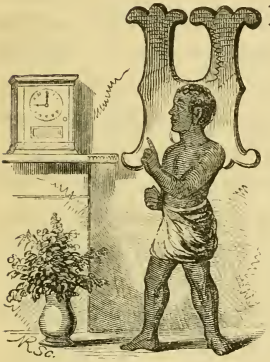
and read, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want," &c. I don't know how they prayed; I suspect they wept some; but I have no doubt they were happy, not that their house was burned,

with their bread, their books, and their clothing, but that they knew there was a "house not made with hands," all ready for them, if they should get no other house or home here.

While the general meeting was in session at Strong's Island, the missionaries were surprised to see so much interest manifested by the people in the deliberations. On one of the days all the high chiefs were present, and remained during the exercises. These people felt that the deliberations affected them, and began to appreciate the labors of those who had given up all the enjoyments of civilized life, to teach them the way to heaven.

CHAPTER XIV.

SECOND VOYAGE TO MICRONESIA, CONCLUDED.



A Native looking at the Clock.

HIS mission at Ronkiti, and its condition, were reported by Mr. Sturges to the general meeting. He was very much encouraged with the evidence that the truth was having its appropriate effect. He had not recently made so many excursions to distant parts of the island as formerly, but had been able to do more among the tribes near his station. Besides these, many from a distance visited the Nanakin, both for friendship and for trade, and thus came within the reach of the missionary's influence. These visitors attended the religious meetings, called to see the teachers, and learned from the people much about them and their teachings. During the shipping season, the congregation was numerous, and vice much more restrained than ever before.

Much praise was due to the enterprising Nan-

akin for this favorable state of things. He manifested a growing desire to please the missionaries and receive instruction. He refused entirely to feast the chiefs who visited him on the Sabbath, or to go to feasts elsewhere on that day. And when the captains of ships called upon him to trade, he declined to do so. This good example had much influence upon the people.

The ex-queen, it was hoped, had also begun to love the truth. Morning and evening prayers were held at her house daily, at which time quite a number attended. The people were very fond of singing. When a tune was begun, the Nanakin and his wife always struck in first. "At one of the out-stations of this tribe," said Mrs. Sturges, "I was not a little surprised to find a number of the congregation join in this part of worship on the Sabbath. One person had caught the tunes from the missionary, and from him a considerable band of singers was formed. Not many weeks after this they could and did do their own singing;" and Mr. Sturges also remarked, "Our songs are becoming popular. For more than two weeks past, our hall has been turned into a place for musical concerts, and quite a company have assembled to practice."

But among so many things to encourage, there were some also to discourage them. The opposition of the priests had become more marked

than formerly. At Inu the people began to build a house, and the materials were mostly ready for use. Just then the priest, who had a little land and a few followers at that place, undertook to defeat the work. He said that they had better repair the old feast house, where they had met before for worship, as that was large enough to hold them all, and the house they were about to build would be too small. They did not understand the trick at first, and so followed the advice. When the house was done, the priest took possession, and prepared to hold a feast there. The missionary, when he went to his meeting the next Sabbath, as usual, saw what was going on, and passed to a private house. He was not a little encouraged to find the people gather around him, anxious to be taught. So they had a good meeting, in spite of the priest, though within sight and sound of the noisy crowd at the feast house. The next Sabbath all was quiet, and there was the usual attendance.

A part of the time Mr. Sturges had held a regular service for foreigners, when he could do so without neglecting that of the natives. Some of these bad men had from the first stood in the way of the mission; but their power was now diminished, and their business very much reduced. Some had already left the island; others were about to leave; while a few had reformed,

and become good neighbors. Though not permitted to see the overthrow of heathenism, as had been hoped, the missionaries rejoiced at the progress, though slow, which was apparent, and blessed God and took courage.

Dr. Gulick, who was stationed at Shalong, in Matalanim harbor, reported that the progress among his people was silent, but perceptible. A few, he hoped, were children of God. Usually he held four services on the Sabbath, at different places, with small congregations. At Tolapail, on the opposite side of the harbor, most of the females had purchased either ready-made dresses or cloth which they had made up, and the greatest part of the children were also clothed. A large portion of the women there had learned to read; and several, both adults and children, had learned to sing. Several families maintained family worship.

Dr. Gulick's medical practice had increased, especially among those who were of the "Christian party," and he had been much gratified to see the people always try to make some return for the medicine he gave them. They brought him chickens, fish, yams, and other articles of food. Greater progress in his work had been made during the last six months than at any former period.

General intelligence had increased both at

Ascension and Strong's Island, especially knowledge of religious subjects. Several chiefs and others were learning to read. Some printing had been done at Ascension, including a Primer, Hymn Book, and a volume of Old Testament narratives — in all ninety-seven hundred pages. An illustrated Primer had also been printed at the Sandwich Islands, for the use of this mission.

Some of the people already desired to read the Bible, but as yet none had been printed at Strong's Island. Mr. Snow intended to write out some translations of different portions. He wished very much for a small hand printing press, that he might strike off small editions of these, and thus save himself much time and toil. How much lighter the missionary's labor would often be, if he only had the necessary conveniences for his work!

In view of all these reports from the different islands, the missionaries say, "We are filled with joy. No year of our labor has been more important than the last, and from it begins a new stage in the Micronesian mission."

With reference to the missionary packet the report says, "The coming of the Morning Star has borne an important part in opening this new stage. It has enabled us to meet each other, and pray and devise unitedly, and permitted us to execute our plans. Our day began to dawn

when this Morning Star first gladdened our horizon, and we have at last reached that point in our mission history, toward which our hearts have been so long directed. Not that our goal has been reached, but we are now blessed in being able to labor directly for the larger population of Micronesia."

The mission at this time addressed a letter to the many owners of the Morning Star; they say:

"Gladly would we take each of you by the hand, and tell you face to face how we love you for your generous attention to the call of him who loves little children. But for this, how many thousands of children, with their poor benighted parents, would still have been left to sit in darkness — would never have heard the story of Jesus and his disciples!

"How joyous to us is the sight of the Morning Star, booming over the sea, with her white sails set, and her white flag flying, bringing flour, potatoes, and beef, — food to eat, and clothes to wear, — and, best of all, the mail bag, full of a year's love and a year's news. When you pray, always have a place in your prayers for the poor heathen, that God will convert them, and that he will send a great many missionaries to all the islands of the sea, and all over the world."

It was voted, at the meeting, that Mr. Roberts should be associated for the present with Dr.

Gulick, at Ascension, with the expectation that the doctor would afterward remove to the Kingsmill Islands, and that any Hawaiians who might be sent the next year should also go to the same field.

After the business of the general meeting was concluded, the Morning Star went again to Ascension, to carry home Messrs. Sturges and Gulick. Dr. Pierson and his wife also left for Ebon, in another vessel that had stopped at Strong's Island, rather than wait for the return of the Morning Star. As she approached Ebon, a number of proas came out to trade with her; and when the people discerned Dr. Pierson, they joyfully shouted his name from proa to proa, accompanied with many expressions of joy at his return. On arriving at the beach, the multitude were wild with joyful surprise when they saw who was on board, for, the vessel having three masts, they knew it was not the Morning Star, in which they had expected him to return.

Dr. Pierson found his house and property all safe, even to the fowls, although he had been absent more than two months. The house had, however, been entered, as the chiefs informed him; at the same time they told him who was the thief, and returned the two articles which were stolen. These articles were an old penknife and an old fine-tooth comb! This incident will

serve to show the interest felt by the natives in their kind, faithful missionary. It was not fear of the king or his authority, for Kiapuka and his chiefs were absent at the time, on a visit to the north. On their return, they were attended by about twenty proas from all the different islands in the Ralick chain. These strangers had heard much of the missionaries, and had come to learn about the new religion, and see their curiosities.

Many of the articles possessed by the missionaries were objects of great interest to these people. Among them was the clock, whose striking of the hour much astonished them. They soon learned how to tell when it was about to strike, and would stand and wait for it with eager expectation. They were also very fond of pictures, especially portraits. Kiapuka, the king, was anxious to have the "docortor" make him on paper, in order, as he said, that his friends might see him after he was dead. One day a young chief went into Dr. Pierson's house, and taking up Webster's large Dictionary, turned to the portrait, and told those who were with him that that was the missionary's God. He was immediately corrected, when he said that some of the people, then, had lied to him about it.

One very interesting fact occurred at this time. Among the tabu laws of the island was one, that

THE "DOCORTOR" SKETCHING KIAPUKA.

no labor must be performed within six days after the burial of a chief. Dr. Pierson, in a sermon, told them that to obey tabu laws was to obey their gods, which Jehovah had forbidden; but he made no application to this particular case, though a chief had been buried the day before. The priest of the island (who was a warm friend of the mission) and several chiefs were present, and heard the sermon. They went and told the people that they need not observe this tabu; and they all resumed their work as usual. This was a great point gained.

About the time Dr. Pierson returned to Ebon, a trading vessel lay off the island, and when her boat came ashore, it was armed. The mate vis-

ited the mission houses, attended by a man carrying a pistol; and as he walked about the premises, he dared not take a step without its protection. He was astonished to find the missionaries unarmed, and could not believe them when they said it was perfectly safe to go any where on the islands. The people expressed much indignation at his conduct, and wanted to know if the presence and safety of the missionaries were not enough to satisfy any body that there was no danger in coming unarmed.

Having returned from Ascension, whither she had been to carry the missionaries after the general meeting, the Morning Star took on board Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, and brought them to Apaiang. Mrs. Bingham's health was now entirely restored, and they were glad to be at home again. A few articles had been taken from their house in their absence; but considering the habits of the people, it was surprising that any thing movable was left.

A new source of anxiety now presented itself. "To-day," writes Mr. Bingham, "we feel in some trouble. The king sent a messenger to demand *pay* for the land upon which our house stands, and which was given to us by the old king, his father. We are much surprised at this, but we trust our heavenly Father cares for us. We do not think that the king will order us from the island. God will direct all things well."

A few days later, Mrs. Bingham says, "Captain Fairclough, who dined with us to-day, has seen the king with reference to the land. The king said the report was false; his father gave us the land, and he agreed with his father's thoughts."

In order, however, that this matter might be set for ever at rest, Mr. Bingham thought it best to pay the king something for the land, and called to see him for that purpose. He answered the same as before to Captain Fairclough. But Mr. Bingham invited him to come up to his house in the evening, to receive some presents. He came accordingly, attended by his three wives and a young man. Mr. Bingham paid him for all the land then occupied, and also for a site for a boat house. A part of the payment, which consisted of various articles of "trade," the king wished Mr. Bingham to keep for him, lest his people should beg it from him. And so the affair of the ground was satisfactorily settled.

The Morning Star was now ready to return to Honolulu. Before she did this, however, Captain Brown, in accordance with instructions he had received, determined to spend a few weeks in exploring some of the adjacent islands. Accordingly, accompanied by Mr. Doane, he left Apaiang, November 13, for Mille or Mulgrave, one of the Marshall Islands, where they arrived

three days after. They found a large, quiet lagoon, which they entered by a ship channel on the north side, the lagoon being surrounded by many small islets. The largest of these is about three miles long, and one third of a mile wide — "a little gem, with large groves of bread fruit and other trees, a carpet of living green, and thickly-matted foliage." The average hight of the island above the water is not more than five feet.

The natives of this island had heard of the mission at Ebon, and Kaipuka had charged them to receive the missionaries and their ship kindly, if they should visit that island. This they did; they came off to the ship for trade, but, at Mr. Doane's request, readily refrained from doing so on the Sabbath. They manifested no disposition to steal, or molest vessels or crews, without provocation. The language was quite different from that spoken on the Ralick Islands, though the two chains are only about one hundred miles apart. It was difficult for Mr. Doane to make himself understood. The population of the whole island (cluster, or "atoll") is about six hundred.

Mr. Doane said, "I know of vessels whose captains would not trust themselves ashore here, and one small armed vessel which did not dare even to enter the lagoon. But here is the Morn-

ing Star unarmed, without one common pistol or saber, with her crew half natives, and yet as safely gliding about this great reef, and anchored for days within its lagoon, as if she were in the most civilized land. Surely the Lord has been remarkably with us, or else there has been fear with others when no cause existed for it. It is a matter of joy that our little vessel, on her mission of love and peace, can, by a few friendly acts, get such access to these islands as she does, and open the way for the planting of missions, where vessels greatly above her in size, and well armed, do not, to say the least, feel it safe to go."

The people were anxious to have the vessel and missionaries remain, and promised to do all they could for a missionary who might be sent from America.

November 29, they sailed from Mille to Majuro or Arrowsmith Island, which they reached the next day. Captain Brown writes, "This is a magnificent island. It has elegant forests of bread fruit; and pandanus trees and cocoanuts, of course, abound. We walked across the island, escorted by three or four hundred natives, men, women, and children, who appeared to be filled with wonder and joy. On the shore of the lagoon the prospect was most delightful." The people have been in a great measure uncontaminated by the influence of depraved foreigners.

How important that they should immediately have the gospel sent to them!

Their next stopping place was at Bonham's Island, or Cheluth. They anchored near the spot where a Captain McKenzie had been recently murdered. In the morning, prayers were had as usual on the deck, and many natives were on board, some of whom had been at Ebon and attended meetings there. "This island, or atoll, is of great extent, at least thirty-five miles long, and not more than ten or twelve wide. On all its sides, little islands crown the shore, some three miles long, some but a span, but all verdant with trees, vines, and bushes."

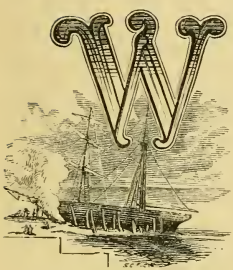
When the Sabbath came, the natives visited the vessel as usual, but being told that no visitors could be received on that day, they immediately left. Mr. Doane spent here two Sabbaths, and tried to preach on both, to audiences of from fifty to one hundred and fifty people. The island is but about eighty miles from Ebon, and the population not more than five hundred.

The vessel returned to Ebon December 15. Mr. Doane found his family well, and after this pleasant little tour, he resumed his labors with renewed strength and vigor.

Having now completed all the purposes contemplated in this second cruise to Micronesia, the Morning Star left Ebon, and arrived at Honolulu January 23, 1859.

CHAPTER XV.

THIRD VOYAGE TO THE MARQUESAS.



Repairing the Ship.

WHEN the Morning Star reached Honolulu, after the second voyage to Micronesia, a part of the vessel was found to be much out of repair. The "dry rot," which frequently attacks vessels in tropical regions, had got into the timbers and planks of the stern, making sad havoc among them.

So the little craft had a thorough overhauling, and where decay was found in any of the timbers, new ones were put in. As the other parts of the vessel were well ventilated, they appeared to be sound. She also received a new coat of paint throughout. The houses in which we live would not be very neat, if they were not thoroughly cleansed at least once a year, and paint and whitewash are also very necessary. If this is required for houses, which are constantly protected from the weather, how much more for a vessel, which is all the time

exposed to the winds and waves, to the drenching rains and burning sun! Captain Brown said, (and he surely ought to know,) that when she had been thoroughly repaired, he thought the little "Star" would be better than ever. "Her qualities," said he, "have been tried, and I think a more able and well-behaved vessel of her class, in heavy weather, is not yet built."

On the 25th of April she was in perfect order, and her cargo being all on board, she set sail for the Marquesas, but a storm coming on, was obliged to return to Honolulu. She sailed again May 3, calling by the way at Kealekua, on the Island of Hawaii. "The people there were delighted with the visit, and loaded her with their good things." They also sent two young beeves to the Marquesas, hoping that they might ultimately become valuable to the mission.

When our missionary packet arrived at Omoa, it was ascertained that an American whale ship, the Twilight, was wrecked, June 1st, off the Island of Hivaoa. After the disaster, the captain and crew had succeeded in getting some of their goods on shore, where they had built a rude shelter for their protection. The sight of these things excited the thievish disposition of the natives, who, in the language of one of the wrecked, "stole all they could lay their hands on." The different tribes had conspired to mas-

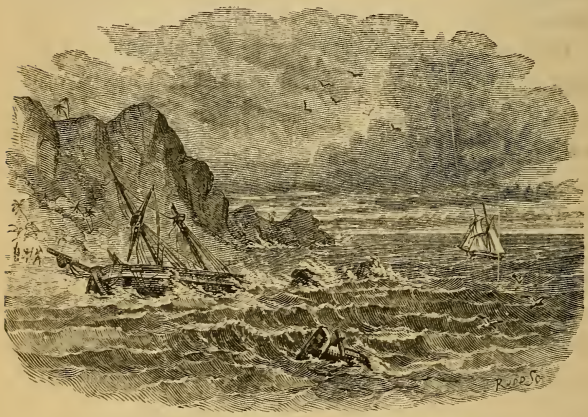
sacre the crew, and then nothing could prevent their plundering the vessel.

When the people had been drinking *toddy* they were most to be feared; and at such times, seeing the defenseless condition of the poor mariners, they became bold, and threatened all manner of violence. A loaded cannon, belonging to the vessel, was therefore placed at the door of the hut, the better to protect its contents.

Mr. Bicknell heard of the disaster, and hastened at once to the wreck, twelve miles distant from his station. The crew had no expectation of seeing a white man at that inhospitable place, and his coming cheered and encouraged them. By his kindness to the natives, and his consistent manner of life, he had acquired an influence over them that was truly wonderful, and his presence at this time, and kindly interference, restrained their violence, and changed the aspect of things entirely.

A boat was dispatched to Nukahiva, to see if there were any ships there, and obtain assistance from them. Soon after it left, the joyful cry of, "Sail O," aroused all hands, and a vessel was seen in the distance, passing the island. Mr. Bicknell thought it might be the Morning Star, which was expected at that time, and went home to ascertain. It was even so. The little vessel had again arrived at a very critical moment;

and when Captain Brown was made acquainted with the shipwreck, he did not wait to discharge his vessel, but, ever ready in the cause of humanity, hastened to the scene of disaster. Though



THE WRECK OF THE WHALE SHIP TWILIGHT.

the Morning Star had several passengers on board, and a large quantity of freight, they immediately commenced taking in the wrecked goods that remained. A Mr. Farnham, from the Twilight, wrote to the "Honolulu Friend," that, "owing to the crowded state of the Morning Star, it took us three days to get our things on board, but the noble brig, like the hearts of her company, seemed to expand for our especial accommodation; and on the 15th of June, every thing was on board, and we embarked ourselves.

We were received with the greatest kindness, and every thing that lay in the power of captain and officers was done, willingly, for our comfort. We have had a pleasant passage to Honolulu, rendered doubly so by the uniform kindness we have received since we came on board."

Mr. Bicknell was spoken of in the highest terms. Says Mr. Farnham, "I feel assured that I may safely return him the sincere thanks of the whole company, for the kindness he extended to us during our stay on the island. He is one of nature's noblemen, and a man of the greatest self-denial, as all who have ever visited his field of labor will readily admit. I must also say, that I do not think the Board of Missions could have selected a person more competent to carry on the great work in which they are engaged, than Mr. Bicknell. Patiently and nobly is he doing his Master's work in this difficult field. God bless him."

Captain Hathaway, of the Twilight, grateful for the kindness he had received, wished to make some suitable return to Mr. Bicknell; but with great difficulty he could only persuade him to take some comparatively worthless portions of the wreck. Captain Hathaway presented his ship's chronometer to Captain Brown, of the Morning Star. A salvage of thirty per cent. was awarded to the owners of the Morning Star, on her return to Honolulu.

Some time previous to the arrival of the Morning Star, the people of Heteani attacked a village of the Typees, and killed six men, one of whom was brought home, cooked, and eaten; and a boy, who was taken captive, was burned alive. Nothing short of the total extinction of their enemies seems to have been thought of.

Some months afterward, a gale from the north broke up the Twilight, and a large amount of provisions, in a good state of preservation, was obtained by the natives and sold to the missionaries. Previous to the breaking up of the ship, the French authorities at Tahiti dispatched an armed vessel to assist Captain Rousseau, who had purchased the wreck, in saving the property, and succeeded in taking out a large part of the oil, &c., with which she was loaded. The natives had been very troublesome, and had stolen a new whale boat from Captain Rousseau.

On the arrival of the man-of-war, the boat was demanded; they refused to give her up, and preparations were made to cannonade the place. Mr. Bicknell, happening there, succeeded in getting the boat restored to her owner without further trouble. The natives declared that if they had had powder, they would have fought the vessel, and Mr. Bicknell thought a few hard knocks might have had a good effect in curing them of some of their propensities.

It was very evident that the missionaries were making inroads upon many of the wretched customs and tabus. One of these tabus teaches that if a woman enters a canoe with a man, he will become entirely *blind*. So the canoes are strictly tabued to the women. This is very cruel, for if they have wares to sell, and wish to visit a ship, they must swim to it with the articles in their hands. All females who came on board the Morning Star swam off to it.

If a woman wishes to visit friends on another island, she can not do it, unless she can swim that distance. If she wishes to go to another valley, she must climb rugged mountains, and struggle over precipices which endanger her life. If the way by land be impassable, as is often the case, she must swim around the bluffs and along the rugged shores, in constant danger of sharks and the surf, until she reaches the place where she wishes to go, or perishes in the attempt.

We should naturally suppose that women thus treated would not be very loving wives. However this may be, Captain Brown says that once, when he was at Omoa, he found that the fighting men had all gone off to another bay, to join in a great feast. This feast was much talked of, and the hogs were tabued, so that none should be sold or eaten until after the feast day. When the men left, the Omoa ladies set up a loud wail-

ing, cutting their foreheads and cheeks until the blood flowed freely, and when Captain Brown arrived, the wounds were still unhealed. He asked one of the women who was badly cut, why she did it. "Kaoha nui te nata" — Great love for my husband — was her reply!

No person is allowed to put his hands on the head of a man. Captain Brown had often noticed, when he had done this, that the man would run from him, but he did not understand the reason. One day, a missionary from Hawaii, who was at the Marquesas, happened to put his hand on the head of a man sitting on the ground beside him. He instantly started, shook his head, brushed off the hand, looked wild, and ran away as if his hair had been fired with a match, and was seen no more. The missionary laughed at these fears; and another man, more enlightened, took the missionary's hand and laid it on his head, thus showing that some are brave enough to disregard this tabu.

Some time after the return of the Morning Star to Honolulu, a letter was received from Mr. Bicknell, saying, "We are still hewing away at the roots of heathenism. Oh, how I long for the time to mount the tree and lop off its branches! Our work is only in its incipient stage, and it is likely to remain there until our patience is severely tried. There is probably no life more

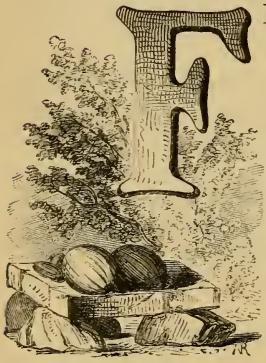
wasting than that of the missionary to the heathen. He must, if he does his duty, live fast; cares hang thick upon him, from the fact that he has so many duties to attend to. He must be preacher, school teacher, and physician, and in addition to these he has his household cares to superintend; his day's labor closes only at bedtime."

The Gospel of John has been translated and printed in the Marquesan language. At each station is a school, and some are beginning to read. Though the missionaries grieve to see so little fruit of their labors, we have reason to believe that they will yet rejoice together over many souls redeemed by the blood of Christ, and made heirs of glory.

The Morning Star reached Honolulu on her return from her third voyage to the Marquesas, July 23, 1859.

CHAPTER XVI.

THIRD VOYAGE TO MICRONESIA.



The "Spirit Stone."

FROM what has been said of the Morning Star and her voyages, it will be seen that the missions in Micronesia and the Marquesas could scarcely exist, much less prosper, without this or a similar vessel, to be a regular channel of communication between them and the far-off world. The station at Apaiang was more isolated than perhaps any others. The only two vessels that had stopped there for more than a year, were those of Captains Randall and Fairclough, who collected cocoanut oil at the islands, and carried it to Sydney. The Morning Star, therefore, bringing Christian friends to aid and encourage the laborious missionaries, was watched for with eagerness.

In February, 1859, Mr. Bingham heard from the natives a report that a vessel, some two weeks

before, had touched at a distant islet of the group, and left there "te-boki" — the native name for every thing made of paper. He conjectured that it might be a mail designed for him, and set out immediately to ascertain the facts, and, if possible, procure the precious package. The report was found to be true. The mail had been put on shore, but the savages opened it, and supposing the letters and papers to be some kind of food, had *eaten the greater portion of them!* A few whole ones and some

EATING THE MAIL.

fragments only remained, and for these he was obliged to pay. It is not stated whether the

natives found the "boki" to be a palatable diet. We can imagine what a disappointment this affair occasioned to the missionaries.

September now had come, and the Morning Star had been looked for by them ever since the first of July. They had not learned of the detention at Honolulu for repairs, and began to feel much anxiety, fearing that some accident had befallen her, or that she was lost altogether.

At length, on the 9th of September, a native came running to the mission house to tell the news; a small vessel was seen approaching the island. All rushed toward the shore, earnestly hoping that it was indeed the Morning Star. It soon entered the lagoon, and proved to be the long-looked-for vessel. Mr. Bingham, with Kanoa and Mahoe, put off in a boat to welcome Captain Brown and the new Hawaiian helpers for whom they had sent. They soon returned, bringing a precious load of letters and papers; but they came alone! No help had arrived, though, feeling the great need of the people, and the importance of their being taught without delay, they had sent for *six* new laborers, to be placed at different islets in the Kingsmill group. Their hearts were saddened in the midst of their joy, as they saw that they must still labor on alone. But the letters from parents and friends comforted their hearts, although, in some in-

stances, they told them of the removal of loved ones to the better land.

Saturday was a busy day at Apaiang. A part of the provisions were landed, and the ship's company dined and took tea with Mr. Bingham. Mr. Garrette, an American naturalist, had gone out in the Morning Star for the purpose of making a scientific exploration of the Kingsmill Islands, intending to remain at Apaiang while the vessel went on to the other stations.

On the Sabbath, September 11, the little chapel at Koinawa was dedicated. This was the first house devoted to the worship of God that was built on the Kingsmill Islands. Mr. Bingham preached from the text, "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house a house of merchandise." In his discourse he spoke of the habits of the natives — talking, laughing, running about, sleeping, &c. — as things which should be taken away from that house of God. Captain Brown, and his mate, Mr. Gulick, also addressed the people. The king and about one hundred natives were present, and behaved with greater propriety than usual. The children made special efforts to sing well, and succeeded, to the gratification of their teachers. In the middle of the day, an English service was held at the mission house, and the sacrament of the Lord's supper was celebrated in the evening. In

the afternoon of the same day, the usual service was conducted at Ewena. When the missionaries lay down at night, they felt that it had been a Sabbath long to be remembered.

For many years a large "spirit stone," or "tabuariki," as it was called by the people of Apaiang, had stood in front of the council house, in the village of Koinawa, upon which they had been in the habit of placing cocoa and pandanus nuts, as offerings to their gods. This stone the natives had of their own accord thrown down, and afterward cast into the lagoon. They now said, "There is only one God — Jehovah." This important movement greatly encouraged the missionaries to persevere in their work.

Mr. Bingham had commenced the translation of the Scriptures, and some of the people were reading Christ's Sermon on the Mount. A missionary tour of a week was made in October by him and Mahoe, during which time they preached in thirty large villages and many hamlets, to nearly sixteen hundred people. Mahoe endeavored to take a census of the population, but found that some, distrusting his motives, were unwilling to tell him the number in their families. Some of the chiefs were anxious to have their people instructed, and that a missionary should come and reside among them.

When the Morning Star was last at Honolulu,

three of the sailors which she had brought from Micronesia were present at the Bethel Sabbath school, neatly dressed in sailors' "rig." On being asked who they were and where they came from, one of them, whose name was Rolua, said, "He," pointing to one, "Ebon man. Miki [Mr.] Doane, and Miki Pierson, mikenari Ebon." [Missionary at Ebon.] Then, pointing to the next, "He Ualan [Strong's Island] man. Miki Snow, he mikenari. Me Hogoleu man; me no mikenari. Me want mikenari; me people want mikenari."

Rolua was one of a company who several years before left Ualea, one of the small Caroline Islands, in canoes, to go to the Ladrones, for the purpose of buying tobacco. A storm arose, the boats were separated, and all of them were lost, excepting Rolua's, which drifted several hundred miles, until it reached the Mulgraves. Many in his boat died from starvation, and few lived to reach the land. Captain Moore found Rolua at Ebon, and hired him as a sailor to go to Hawaii, where Captain Brown found him. He went one voyage with the latter to the Marquesas, and back again to Ebon; but by that time he began to think so much about his home, that he was unwilling to remain any longer. Some of his people were still at Ebon; so they all concluded to stay until an opportunity offered of going back to their native island.

Captain Brown asked him how they knew which way to steer without any compass or guide. "Oh," he said, "look a star." "Suppose it is dark, and there are no stars?" "Then look a water" — meaning that they could tell by the currents which way to direct their course.

When the Morning Star had finished her business at Apaiang, she proceeded to Ascension, where a meeting was to be held, stopping on her way at Ebon and Strong's Island. At this meeting, many of the missionaries were assembled; they recounted the goodness of God to them and their people, and consulted upon the best measures for promoting the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Dr. and Mrs. Pierson had become so prostrated in health, especially the latter, that it was deemed necessary for them to return for a season to Hawaii, and perhaps the United States. The refusal of the chiefs to allow natives to live as domestics in the families of the missionaries, threw upon the latter all the necessary household work, by which labors, in addition to their missionary duties, they had been overtasked. When Captain Brown arrived at Ebon, Mrs. Pierson was confined to her bed, and the doctor was doing the housework. In the beginning of the year, an epidemic dysentery prevailed among the adult population of the island, and for want

of proper care, many died. This sickness had greatly increased the labors of Dr. Pierson.

At the general meeting the preceding year, it had been voted that Dr. Gulick should remove from Ascension, at the next visit of the Morning Star, to the Kingsmill group, to labor with Mr. Bingham. The population of that group probably equaled that of all Micronesia besides, and needed much more labor than could be performed by Mr. Bingham and his two Hawaiian assistants. But, inasmuch as Dr. Pierson was now obliged to suspend his labors, leaving Mr. Doane at Ebon alone, Dr. Gulick was appointed to go to his assistance, thus postponing indefinitely his removal to Apaiang.

Ebon, from the vigor and sprightliness of the people, and from their being, in the main, uncontaminated with degraded whites, is a promising field for missionary operations. The same thing is true of all the Marshall Islands. These people are daring navigators, sailing fearlessly in their proas from island to island, often a distance of many miles. Dr. Gulick thinks a sailor missionary would be well adapted to that field. Messrs. Doane and Pierson much desire a vessel smaller than the Morning Star, in which to hold communication between the islands, the population being scattered throughout the whole group.

The Sabbath had been much better observed

at Ebon, for a few months, than at any former period; it had become a sacred day, so far as labor was concerned. Many of the people would not trade on that day, even for tobacco, of which they are very fond. Mr. Doane deplored the visits of ships to the island, on that account, and feared they were to have a "tobacco-cursed community."

At Strong's Island, a little school had been in operation several months, consisting of a few adults and ten or fifteen children. One of the boys gave evidence of conversion; several others were deeply serious, and this, too, at a time when there seemed to be quite a revival of heathenism. The adults were learning to read in their native language, from books which Mr. Snow had written out for them, and the children were learning English. "The children," said Mr. Snow, "can read my books as fast as I can write them. In fact, they can teach the adults in their mother tongue, at sight." He had just taken the census of Strong's Island, and found that in January, 1859, there were seven hundred and forty-seven inhabitants — eighty less than the preceding year.

At Ascension, a Primer of thirty pages had been printed, a compilation of Bible narratives, and twenty pages of the Gospel of Matthew. In all, thirty-two thousand one hundred pages had

been printed in the native language. Native girls were employed to set up the type, and some of them had become skillful in this employment. Much foundation work had been performed in learning the language, and teaching the theory of reading and writing, to a considerable number of the people. They had been instructed, too, in the way of salvation, and many of them understood it as well as is possible until the understanding is enlightened by the Spirit of God.

The mission had sustained a great loss in the death of the good Hawaiian brother Kaaikaula, who passed away to his rest and reward after a short sickness. He died, as only a Christian can die, much lamented by all his brethren. After his death, his widow, Deborah, returned to the Sandwich Islands. So much interest was excited by the relation of her experience in Micronesia, that a series of meetings were appointed in Puna and Hilo, that all might have an opportunity of hearing what God had wrought by their countrymen in those distant islands. Another death had occurred at Ascension, differing widely from that of the devoted Kaaikaula. It was that of a negro named Johnson, who was spoken of as the "terror of the Pacific." For many years he had been a man of violence and blood, and in a quarrel with one whose brother he had

killed, he was horribly murdered. Mr. Sturges wrote in regard to it, "God is wonderfully clearing these islands of the wretches who have been so long reveling among the poor, wasting natives."

Dr. Gulick was now to leave Ascension. In speaking of his departure, he says, "Thus terminates a seven years' residence on an island in which our hearts are deeply interested. We leave our home with sadness and joy — sadness, that we have not been more faithful, and have not, consequently, led more from darkness to light; joy, that the work will still go on under Mr. Roberts' prayerful care, and that our own missionary life may be prolonged on some other Micronesian islet.

"There are few men I would have taken more pleasure in introducing here than Mr. Roberts. He takes hold of the work like a true missionary. He has the frame of a large, substantial building set up and inclosed with boards; he is a great worker, very ingenious, and has the interest of souls at heart." Mr. Roberts took Dr. Gulick's place at Shalong Point.

When the Morning Star last left Honolulu, she was expected to make an exploring trip westward before she returned; but owing to the illness of Mrs. Pierson her departure was hastened, and the westward trip relinquished. As soon as

the general meeting at Ascension was adjourned, she returned to Strong's Island and Apaiang. During Kanoa's absence, Mr. Garrette, the naturalist, had occupied his house. He had found the Kingsmill Islands abounding with new wonders in every department of natural history, and felt himself compensated for all his labor by the valuable collections of shells, insects, fishes, &c., he had obtained. This collection was to be forwarded to America, for Professor Agassiz.

From Apaiang, our vessel went on to Ebon, to leave Dr. Gulick and his wife, and take on board Dr. and Mrs. Pierson, and carry them to Honolulu. Noa and his wife also now returned to their home at Hawaii, much to the regret of Mr. and Mrs. Bingham.

In passing through the narrow channel at Ebon, the brig met with a slight accident, losing a little of her copper sheathing. Excepting this, the voyage was very prosperous. Captain Brown's testimony at this time is, "The packet carries herself most admirably. The more I become acquainted with her, the better I like her, she carries herself so nobly in heavy weather. She is remarkably strong, and tight as a cup, and her model I consider perfect for a rough-weather boat. I have become very much attached to her."

Having finished her third voyage to Microne-

sia, the Morning Star reached Honolulu January 11, 1860.

We add some items of information received from the Micronesian mission since the completion of this voyage.

In the latter part of March, Dr. and Mrs. Pierson arrived at San Francisco, on their way to the Atlantic States. After remaining there a few weeks, the health of Mrs. Pierson, who was very feeble, began to improve, and at the solicitation of a few friends, the doctor commenced preaching in California. Much interest was awakened by his labors, giving him the prospect of extensive usefulness in the ministry in that state. This, with the delicate health of Mrs. Pierson, rendered it probable that they would not return again to Micronesia, where their hearts were, and where, but for the overruling direction of Providence, they would gladly have lived and died.

A letter was received from Mr. Snow, dated December, 1859, containing a few incidents of a pleasant character. "At our November concert," he writes, "the church members seemed greatly interested in the intelligence I gave them from the missionary papers, particularly from Mr. Grout, (Africa,) and from the Ceylon Sabbath school concert. I had tried several times to get them started in the way of contributing

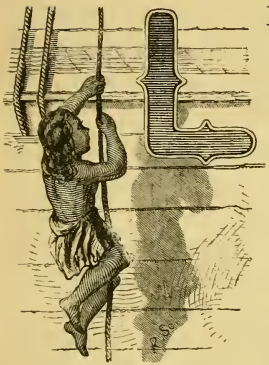
something to indicate their interest in the missionary work, and their love to their blessed Master, but had failed to effect any thing before. I had not urged it very much, fearing they might think what wicked men had so long told them, too true, — that 'missionaries only wanted to get their money.'" After hearing what the Ceylon children had done, "they proposed to bring their offering the following Wednesday, when they should come to prayer meeting, saying they would like to do something, but they had nothing to do with. However, Wednesday came, and they, with their children, brought their first missionary contribution." It amounted to two dollars twenty cents in money, four chickens, a duck, some eggs, and some potatoes. And this from a few poor people who but recently were heathen!

The first attempt to preach Christ had been made by Ketuke, who, with other members of his family, had gone to Strong's Island on a visit to a dying brother. Each morning and evening they had worship, and their heathen friends were present. On the Sabbath, more than forty people came together from the nearest settlements, and Ketuke went through with the exercises as Mr. Snow was accustomed to do. The people were so much interested, that they prevailed upon him to remain longer with them. The

others returned to Mr. Snow's station, as he writes, "in season for our prayer meeting, and they occupied much of the time in telling us all things, 'both what they had done and what they had taught.' As that verse was the beginning of my expository reading for the meeting, I let them illustrate it practically. They made out a very interesting story of their visit. It has evidently done them good, and us, too. Ere long we shall see others following them in the good way."

CHAPTER XVII.

FOURTH VOYAGE TO THE MARQUESAS.



Visiting the Morning Star.

LEAVING Honolulu, Feb. 28, 1860, the Morning Star departed on her fourth voyage to the Marquesas, having on board Rev. Mr. Coan, of Hilo, as delegate from the Hawaiian Missionary Society.

After a passage of twenty-four days, she dropped anchor at Vaitahu, on the Island of Tauata, about thirty miles south-west of Hivaoa. This island, like the rest of the group, is "a mass of scoria, cinders, lava, and basalt, thrown up in wild confusion, bristling with jagged points, traversed with sharp, angular ridges, rent with awful chasms, and piercing the clouds with lofty pinnacles. Some of the ridges and precipices are naked rocks, but the slopes and little valleys, where rain falls, are perfect Edens of luxuriance."

For more than sixty years, this island had been

at intervals the seat of missionary operations by the English and French, but was now entirely abandoned by them. Rev. Levi Kaiwi, a Hawaiian missionary, was stationed there. The people seemed indifferent to instruction, but about twenty-five attended school, and two, who could read, gave some evidence of conversion. Several persons attended morning prayers at the station, among whom were the chief of the valley and his wife.

After receiving Kaiwi on board, the Morning Star went to Hivaoa, and stopped at the beautiful little bay of Hanatetuua, where Kawealoha was pastor. This bay is small, but easy of access; the valley, a mile in length, filled with trees and shrubbery, is beautifully luxuriant, while a little brook of pure water runs babbling through it. Half a mile up this valley, covered with lofty trees, stands the missionary's house, built of stone and mortar, with a cellar, floor, doors, and glazed windows. This is the best house in the mission, and was built by Kawealoha himself.

Here was a school of twenty-six pupils, all females, at the head of whom was Kahiani, the chief of the valley, a young woman of mild countenance and quiet temper. There were seven readers in this school, and their recitations of the Lord's Prayer and other lessons were in

such perfect time, and melodious tones, as greatly to delight the hearers.

The Morning Star remained at this place over the Sabbath. Three services were held under the trees, while forty or fifty people stood, sat, or lay around. Some talked, some slept, some lighted their pipes and smoked, while others walked to and fro with muskets, staves, spears, and bayonets fixed on poles. The men wore the malo, the women a light skirt of the paper mulberry, made by pounding the bark until it is thin and soft. Some of these are white, others are colored yellow with turmeric.

From Hanatetuua our vessel proceeded to Omoa Bay, on Fatuhiva. "As we landed on the beach," said Mr. Coan, "we were delighted with the jocund rush and the joyful gambols of the children, who crowded around with the hearty '*kaoha*,' (the '*aloha*' of Hawaii,) and pushed and struggled by the dozen to get hold of our hands. The adults also came out in numbers, and we were thus escorted, by a chattering, laughing throng, to the house of the missionary. Mrs. Hana Kaiwi was in waiting, and received us cordially. The house was immediately filled with natives, with eyes sparkling, and faces beaming with delight.

"Here we found Abraham Natua and Rebecca Hoheniho, his believing wife. Here were

the noble and amiable Joseph Kiiekai, with face beaming with smiles, and Eve Hipahipa, an aged saint, just on the borders of a 'better land;' and here was Elizabeth Kahia, wife of our Hawaiian Puu, and daughter of the famed Matunui. These five, members of the church at Omoa, were all with one accord in one place. Another convert was absent with the chief Matunui, and one had gone to his final rest — seven in all."

"Never," adds Mr. Coan, "have I enjoyed a season of deeper, purer interest than in meeting these tamed savages, these happy Christian converts from amid darkness the most deep, depravity the most profound, and pollutions the most loathsome. Abraham is a noble, steadfast man, and is rapidly gaining in knowledge. His faith in Christ is rooted and strong, and the scoffs of European infidelity, like the wind upon the sturdy oak, only give it more vigor. Not long before, a sneering white man said to Abraham, pointing to his lips, 'You are a missionary only up there.' 'No,' he said, in strong Saxon, '*me missionary all over.*' This he related with corresponding gestures and great emphasis, while a glow of heavenly radiance shone through the sable cloud of tattooing which spreads over his face. '*Black, but comely,*' said my heart, as I gazed with admiring wonder upon him and his comrades in the Christian race."

In the school at Omoa there were thirty-eight readers, and twenty-five writers, besides several who studied arithmetic, geography, and other lessons.

The little church assembled in the evening at the pastor's house, and commemorated the dying love of their Lord. Every thing at this station was found to be prosperous and promising.

The next visit of the vessel was to Hanavavi, the station of Rev. Lot Kuaihelani, four miles from Omoa. Here the scenery is wonderfully beautiful and majestic. The valley is exceedingly fertile, with a living stream of water running through it. The war spirit raged between the people here and those at Omoa, and armed savages were seen patrolling in the day, and prowling around after dark. Ten or fifteen men watched in the jungle, on cliffs, and in guard houses at night, that the rest might sleep. There was no intercourse between these hostile valleys, except by the Christian parties, and under the protection of the missionaries. While the Morning Star was there, Kaiwi wished to send Mr. Coan in his boat to Hanavavi, but no one was willing to go unless the teacher went too. He assured them they would be perfectly safe, as the missionary would accompany them; but all shook their heads and refused. At last, a boy in Kaiwi's family consented to go, then a second,

and with a third from the Morning Star, they departed; but on landing at Hanavavi, the boys clung close to the missionaries until they left.

Paumau was the next station visited by the Morning Star. Mr. Kekela and his wife Naomi had spread a bountiful table for the visitors, and awaited their arrival. They lived in a thatched house without floor or glass windows, but expected soon to build a stone house. An examination of the school of twenty-six scholars was attended; four were good readers, and others were progressing. Several at this station gave evidence of renewed hearts.

Here the Morning Star and her company spent the Sabbath, and on Monday, Captain Brown sent his boats to Hanahi, to carry supplies to Mr. Bicknell, because of the difficulty of getting in and out of the small bay at that place. This is less inviting than the other stations, but Mr. Bicknell selected it on account of its central position, there being three villages within an hour's walk of it. Daniel Tohutete, a convert, is the chief of this valley. Mr. Bicknell has also commenced a station at Hanamanu, which is a fine valley and well watered. This is the place where the Twilight was wrecked the previous year.

After taking on board the families at Paumau, the Morning Star proceeded to Hanatapa, the

station of Rev. Mr. Kaukau, where the general meeting of the mission was to be held. Said Mr. Coan, "The bay is safe, the landing good, the valley most luxuriant, food abundant, house convenient, water exhaustless, and the host and hostess generous, polite, and attentive. From the shore to the cliff the valley is an emerald bower, an Eden of shade enchantingly sylvan, with an ample brook murmuring all the length of the valley. Men, women, and children flocked out in numbers to see us, and hailed us welcome."

All the missionaries having assembled, the meeting commenced April 25. Reports from the stations were read, committees appointed, subjects discussed, obstacles and encouragements considered. Owing to the expense and the embarrassments of the Missionary Board, some had feared that it might be necessary to abandon the mission. This subject also was freely discussed, and all were found in favor of continuing it.

One said, "God sent us here, not man. He has preserved us, our wives and little ones in perils by sea, in perils among robbers, and in perils by war. He has given us influence and favor among all the people, so that our names are sacred, and our persons safe. He has made us mediators between bloodthirsty and vindictive foes. He has drawn numbers from the

tabus, and from all heathen orgies, and made them our docile pupils. Above all, he has given us *souls*. There is a *church*, there are Christians, saints here. Gospel seed has germinated, and we must watch and water the tender plants, lest they wither and die. Christ has sheep and lambs here; we must stay and feed them."

Kawealoha said he could not put his hand to the plow and look back, and he must live and die in his work. If the Hawaiian Missionary Society reduced their salaries from two hundred to one hundred dollars, they would remain, and not murmur; and if they abandoned them altogether, they would cast themselves on Providence and their own resources. Finally, said he, "I was born in a malo, I was baptized in a malo, I can return to my malo, and die in a malo; but I can not abandon the people whom I love more than my earthly kindred and my native land. Paul knew how to be full and to be hungry. He was all things to all men, that he might by all means save some. We can do the same. The climate is mild, and it is no shame to wear a malo here. We can live on the fruits of the land. The question of support need not decide our stay or removal. The question of *duty* is the only one for us to decide. I move to sustain the mission." The assent was unanimous, and the tears of love and rejoicing flowed. It

was a beautiful exhibition of devotion to the cause of the Redeemer.

During the general meeting, some time was spent in listening to the recitations of Kawealoha's scholars, who had come three miles by land for an examination. All were neatly dressed in the white *wanke*, the native costume, and all appeared modest, attentive, and joyful. Captain Brown, his officers and crew, were present, and the captain, with others, addressed the scholars. After the examination, the company dined together under a cool arbor. All classes of natives gathered around as spectators, from the prattling children to old, dark-visaged warriors with muskets, bayonets, and spears. It was a new and delightful scene on those heathen shores.

The Sabbath was a memorable day. Two natives were received to the church, and twenty sat down at the table of the Lord. Two sisters of the mission and six native members were absent.

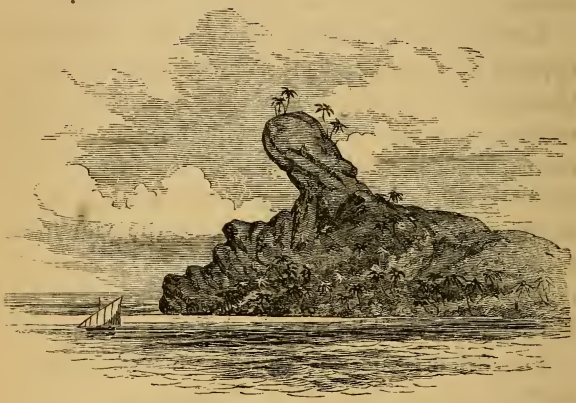
At all the stations where the Morning Star anchored, she was visited by crowds of people, who were curious to see the vessel. Even the smallest little girls, as full of curiosity as those who were older, came for the same purpose. We asked Captain Brown how the little things got on board. "Oh," said he, "they swim off to the vessel, catch hold of a rope, and crawl up the

side as fast as any monkey." One day he found a little girl, seven or eight years old, on deck. He called her, and after talking a while, he got a piece of calico, and pinned it around her. She was delighted with her present, and soon swam ashore. The next day she came back again with a flock of little girls, all wanting calico. So the captain gave each of them, too, a piece, but when he landed, he found them running about as naked as ever. Though the natives are all anxious to get articles of clothing, they will not wear them: having been so long accustomed to the free use of their limbs, they will not be incumbered with what they regard as useless.

After adjourning the convention till 1861, a farewell prayer meeting was held. Many supplications ascended, many thanks were offered, many tears shed. All the brethren of Hivaoa went home in their boats, while the Morning Star ran back forty miles to Fatuhiva with those who had come from that island. Mr. Coan went with Mr. Bicknell and several others, in his boat, to Hanahi, and from thence, with a party of six, crossed over the mountains to Heteani, there to await the return of the Morning Star. "After two hours of great heat and exhausting toil," said Mr. Coan, "we stood on the dividing ridge of the island, some three thousand five hundred feet above the ocean. Our path had led up

steep and sharp ridges, from which we looked into awful depths five hundred, a thousand, or fifteen hundred feet below. In one place I measured the width of the ridge on which we were walking, and found it two feet and four inches; at another place it was just one foot. We followed on the crest of the spurs, climbed over cones, and threaded our way along the steep sides of the hills, holding on to grass and shrubs, and scarce holding on at that. From the central summit of the island the view was magnificent. Such a wild assemblage of hills and valleys, of spurs and ridges, of profound gulfs and yawning chasms; of needles more wonderful than Cleopatra's; of leaning towers outvying the famous one of Pisa; of cones, rounded, rent, ragged, upright, inclined, truncated, inverted; of precipices at every angle, bald, green-carpeted, festooned, grooved, fluted; of rocks piled upon rocks, of mountain towering above mountain, of battlement frowning against battlement, as if a sea of molten rocks had been suddenly solidified while rolling in lofty and elevated waves, sinking in awful gulfs, boiling in caves and domes, or spouting in fiery pillars and jets against the sky! The panorama was sublimely grand. It mingles features of the beautiful with the awful; as if Pluto had melted the bowels of the earth, and Vulcan had

forged and cast them into every conceivable figure." A wonderful description of a most wonderful place!



A MOUNTAIN PEAK, 120 FEET HIGH.

On the top of this mountain is a level plateau of a mile in width, covered with dense jungle. After passing through this, all the southern slope of the island opened before them. The descent they supposed would be rapid and easy; but they found it far otherwise; for it was three and a half hours before they reached Heteani, covered with perspiration and mud, and well nigh exhausted. Men, women, and children flocked out to see them; and nowhere did they meet a more enthusiastic "kaoha." The missionary Paulo Kapuhako is a self-denying, laborious man; an origi-

nal, energetic, and acceptable preacher, and the people loved and honored him. In the school there were twenty-six scholars; and two individuals gave hope of conversion.

Two days after they arrived, the Morning Star appeared in the offing, the boat landed the supplies for the mission, and Mr. Coan departed under a shower of "Kaoha! kaoha! kaoha nui! kaoha mau!" — Love, love, great love, unchanging love. Old and young followed them to the beach, and dozens crowded and pressed to give them the parting hand. Tears coursed down the cheeks of the missionaries, and their hearts left a blessing behind.

The Morning Star ran along the southern shore of Hivaoa, hove to off Vaitahu, and landed Levi Kaiwi, then passed on to Nukahiva. Here Mr. Coan and Captain Brown went on shore, and rambled over the village, which seemed to have been abandoned by the French, who had occupied it. Only four Frenchmen and one bishop were there; every thing looked "dirty, dilapidated, and poverty-stricken," though the valleys were beautiful and the hills sublime. But the visitors could not remain; they returned to the Morning Star, which spread her white sails, and soon the Marquesas disappeared in the distance behind them.

On her arrival at Honolulu, May 16, Captain

Brown relinquished the command of the Morning Star. Most ably had he navigated her, and carefully watched over her welfare. He was succeeded by Captain Gillet, who is well known as an experienced shipmaster. Both these gentlemen were trained in the American whaling service, which is considered the best of all schools in which to learn practical navigation in the Pacific. May our missionary packet continue to be as successful in her subsequent career as she has been under the management of her first two commanders!

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISSIONARY LIFE AT APAIANG.

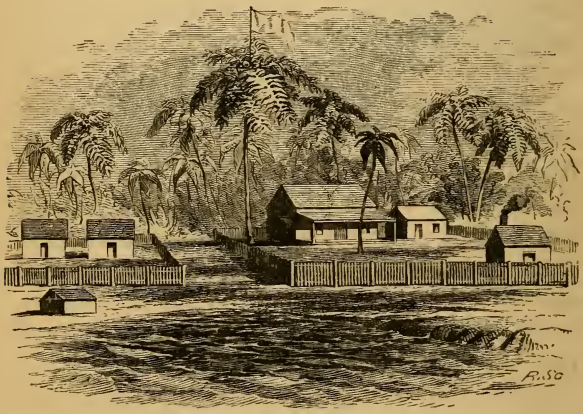
On a Missionary Tour.

SOME of our young readers, we doubt not, will be pleased to learn more of the particulars of the missionary's life and labors on the beautiful islands of Micronesia. We propose, therefore, in our closing chapter, to introduce them to "Happy Home," Apaiang, where dwell our friends Mr. and Mrs. Bingham. We have before described the building of the house, and its pleasant situation, facing the still water, — the lagoon, — and standing in a grove of cocoanut trees. Some of these are very tall, especially one upon which steps have been nailed, and which is used by Mr. Bingham for a lookout. On the top of it is a flag-staff, from which a flag floats upon the ocean breeze.

Near Mr. Bingham's house on the right is a neatly-thatched cottage occupied by Noa and

Hina; the cook house in which they first lived is nearer the water, and contains a room for the accommodation of friends. In one corner of the inclosure which surrounds these buildings, is a pen made for the special accommodation of old Kanei's pig, and others of the same species.

On the opposite side of Mr. Bingham's house, and nearest the village of Koinawa, are the two dwellings of Kanoa and Mahoe, in an inclosure by themselves. Near these is the boat house, in which is sheltered a canoe, and the "Alfred," a small boat presented to Mr. Bingham for his own use by Captains Coffin and White. From this little cluster of houses, a pleasant shady walk leads to the village of Koinawa.



MR. BINGHAM'S HOUSE.

There are no wells in Apaiang. The mission families are supplied with rain water, which is caught in two large casks. When these fail, it is obtained from the taro patch, by digging in the ground. This last is somewhat brackish, and Mr. Bingham says it resembles diluted Epsom salts. Not very nice, certainly!

It is morning, and our friends have just taken breakfast. Some may have the curiosity to ask of what it consisted, but that would be difficult to say, at times. Their stores are flour, beef, pork, beans, potatoes, rice, &c., which are brought from Hawaii in the Morning Star. These articles are, for the most part, originally from the United States, and months, and even years, pass, before they arrive in Micronesia. Many things, from not being properly packed, become entirely useless. Once Mr. Bingham received two barrels of Hawaiian beef, one of which was ruined, the other so bad that few would have eaten it, but it was all the meat the missionaries could have, except a few pounds of salt pork which Captain Brown sent to them from the vessel's stores, until he returned the next year. Once the year's supply of flour was all bad; then Mrs. Bingham made ti-poi-poi bread, which was a poor substitute for the wheaten loaf.

When the Morning Star reached Apaiang, on her third voyage, the families were destitute of

almost all provisions except flour; but by Mrs. Bingham's good management, they had not suffered. In enumerating the few things that yet remained, Mr. Bingham mentions "some green tea, which, with the caddy containing it, was given to Mrs. Bingham at the Sandwich Islands, by Mrs. Cook, *and was once my own dear mother's.*" For a time, fish were supposed to be plenty in the lagoon, but Captain Brown says this is a mistake; they are very scarce, and seldom caught. Yet in all this destitution both of luxuries and comforts, the missionaries never complain. In writing to his father, Mr. Bingham says, "I have given you some particulars respecting our supplies. I hope you will not feel in any way anxious for us, for we trust in our heavenly Father, and if we love him, he will make all things work together for our good." Mr. Bingham has been repeatedly urged to return to Honolulu, and become a pastor there, but he gave himself at first to the Kingsmill Islanders, and with them he desires to live and die.

Immediately after breakfast, all assemble for family worship. A portion of Scripture is read, and God's blessing and assistance are sought for the duties of the day. These are various. Sometimes Mr. Bingham studies two or three hours with a native teacher. He is translating

the New Testament, and much labor is needed to secure its accuracy. A part of the Gospels have been already printed at Ascension.

Or perhaps Mr. Bingham and one of his assistants are to leave home on a preaching tour among the people. Mrs. Bingham prepares the food and clothing which may be necessary; the little "Alfred" is launched, and the travelers set forth. In order to protect his weak eyes from the heat and sun, the thermometer indicating sometimes one hundred and forty degrees, Mr. Bingham puts on his goggles, covers his face with a kind of mask which his wife has made for him, and with an umbrella tries to "keep cool" — a very difficult matter in that tropical climate. When the boat arrives at a village, the people meet him at the beach and follow him to the council house. Such a house is found in every village, and there all business is transacted. A portion of Scripture is read and explained either by him or his assistant, and much conversation often follows. The good seed dropped in this way will doubtless spring up, after being watered by the Holy Spirit, and bring forth precious fruit. Thus they pass from village to village, until the time allotted to the tour is exhausted.

Owing to the fatigue attending these excursions, which unfits him entirely for mental labor,

Mr. Bingham more generally leaves them to Kanoa and Mahoe, whose constitutions are better adapted to the climate. Mr. Mahoe is a man of fine talents and an interesting preacher.

While the missionaries are absent on these journeys, their families are left comparatively unprotected, and sometimes are subject to disagreeable annoyances. Once an insane man repeatedly visited the premises, both in the day and night, and alarmed the ladies by throwing cocoanuts on the roof, and trying to get in at the windows. Sometimes he came armed with a knife, or spear, and threatened all sorts of violence, but by the kindness of Him who "never slumbers or sleeps," the man was not suffered to do any injury.

Mr. Bingham is *physician* as well as teacher. A native has perhaps been suffering all night from toothache, and early in the morning comes to have the tooth extracted. This has been done so often that Mr. Bingham has become very expert in this branch of dentistry. One day, a wife of one of the high chiefs presented herself at the house in a sad condition. She had a terrible gash, about five inches in length, across one shoulder, and another not quite as long, on her breast. These had been made with a jackknife, by another wife, in a fit of anger. Mrs. Bingham prepared sticking plas-

ters, and Mr. Bingham sewed up the wounds and dressed them, and the poor woman thankfully departed to her comfortless home.

At another time, he was called to see a man who had been stabbed in the abdomen. The wound had been inflicted two days before, and it was now too late to do any thing for the sufferer; he died in a few hours. In their ignorance of disease and danger, the missionary, frequently, is not called until the person is beyond the reach of medical aid. At such times, his heart is weighed down with sorrow, in view of the dreadful eternity which awaits the poor benighted soul, and fervent prayers arise for the Holy Spirit to descend and reveal Christ to these dying heathen.

It has been before said that the soil of the island is composed almost wholly of coral sand; consequently is not at all adapted for gardening. To afford, however, something resembling it, Captain Brown brought three barrels of earth from Ascension, which Mr. Bingham placed in a cavity in the ground lined with stones. Here tomato and other seeds were sown, and some gooseberry plants from Strong's Island were set. Bread and jack-fruit trees had been brought in the Morning Star and placed near the house. All these were carefully watered and tended, but the heat and long drouth dried up the tomatoes; the other fruit never matured. Some of the

trees lived, but the heat prevented them from thriving. Such gardening was any thing but successful, and all the hard work of the missionary was in vain.

On one occasion a party of natives from another island came to see the missionaries. After showing the curiosities, — a compass, magnetized knife, pictures, &c., — Mr. Bingham played upon the flute, and a few songs were sung. He exhibited, also, the Holy Bible, and explained in a few words its character and teachings. After being thus kindly entertained, what return do our readers suppose they made? Why, the next morning Mr. Bingham found that they had entered the cook house in the night and stolen many articles, — saucepan, dishes, tumblers, &c., — besides eatables. This was rather too much to lose at once, so the king was made acquainted with the theft, and through his means, one covered dish, and some soda and ginger were brought back; all the rest were hopelessly lost. To prevent such depredations in future, Mr. Bingham made some shutters for the cook house windows, and fastened them on the inside.

The missionaries had long felt the need of a church at Koinawa. The council house, where the meetings were held on the Sabbath, was open on all sides, and people were constantly coming and going. It was believed that there would be

much less disturbance during the service if it was not so easy to *slip in and out* under the low roof, and that a greater number would remain to the end. After much deliberation, it was decided to build a house. Mr. Bingham and his assistants, with but little help from others, bought the land, prepared timber, raised the house, and in two months' time completed it.

The Sabbath at Apaiang is a busy day. In the morning there is preaching at Koinawa, at which all the missionaries who can leave home attend. Mr. Bingham or one of the Hawaiians conducts the service, and after prayer and singing a passage of Scripture is read and explained. At first, the missionaries sang alone, but some of the children soon caught the tunes, and now sing very well. The natives seem to have but little idea of worship, or reverence for the Deity, and laugh, talk, and walk about, or do whatever they choose. Sometimes, on entering the church, they take off the mat, which is their only covering, throw it on the floor, and then sit or sprawl at full length upon it, and soon are fast asleep. If, during prayer, any cover their faces with their hands, some roguish fellow will cry at the close, "uti," — wake up! At times, when the confusion is great, king Te-Kaiia, who has become very regular in his attendance, commands silence, but he is seldom obeyed. An unprom-

ising congregation, indeed! Yet, if only one is observed to listen attentively, or at the close comes to the missionary and says he wants to be taught longer, it is remembered with devout thankfulness to God.

A Sabbath school is held after service for those who are willing to remain, and while a few men gather around Mr. Bingham, as he takes a seat near the king, the women and girls sit down by Mrs. Bingham, and listen to the simple truths she teaches. In her journal, she writes, "Nei Kaubunan (the king's favorite wife) remained to-day, and I had a long and interesting conversation with her. The fact that Jesus rose from the dead greatly astonished her." Again: "At Sabbath school, I sat down among some women near the door. They were ignorant, but interested." "I have had of late but few little girls from Koinawa in my Sabbath school. I inquired the reason, and learned it was because they were 'e ko.' This signifies that they are shut up in their fathers' houses, in an apartment inclosed by mats, so that the light can not enter, for the purpose of *whitening their complexions!* After several weeks' confinement they are certainly fairer, but a few days' exposure to the sun is sufficient to darken them again. This is a singular custom, but I know not that it is any more strange than some of the customs that prevail in civilized society."

The king, when he comes to church, always remains until the close of the Sabbath school, though not as a pupil. Many are the fervent prayers that he may be one of the first trophies of grace in that dark land.

After the Sabbath school is closed, the missionaries return to "Happy Home." In the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, with Kanoa, go in the little boat to Ewena, about three miles distant in an opposite direction, where are a preaching service and Sabbath school as at Koinawa. Here the people generally seem more interested, and conduct with greater propriety than at Koinawa. A man named Te-Babua, with his wife, appeared to be sincere seekers for the truth, so much so that they even went to Koinawa by five o'clock in the morning, to attend the service there. Mr. Bingham related the story of Lazarus, one Sabbath, in which they were much interested. Shortly after, he asked Te-Babua why he did not give his children Bible names. He replied that he would; his little boy should be called Lazarus, and the two girls, Martha and Mary!

Mrs. Bingham says, "There was one thing at Ewena last Sabbath that was certainly encouraging. A man from Dimai, about a mile beyond Ewena, came to attend the service. In the previous week he had been at our house, and Mr.

Bingham notched a stick for him, in order that he might count the days, and know when the Sabbath returned. After service, he asked if he should come to our house the next day and be taught. He was told that he might; and the next forenoon he presented himself. He expressed an earnest desire that Mr. Bingham would go to Dimai on the Sabbath, and teach the people there. Mr. Bingham told him that it would be well for the inhabitants of Dimai to come to Ewena, it being quite near."

For some time Te-Babua has come to church, wearing a shirt, pantaloons, and hat; and his wife in her calico dress. He is probably the first native man on the island who bought a dress for his wife. This putting off the malo and wearing clothing, even if but one garment only, (as in the case of the *shirts* at Strong's Island,) is hailed as an indication of good. Few, however, have done this. King Te-Kaiia is sometimes seen dressed in a long, blue calico loose gown, which reaches to his heels, and the next day, perhaps, he lays it aside, and returns to his malo. Women, and some children, wear sacks or gowns of calico, or native cloth made of the paper mulberry.

Another service for preaching is usually held on Sabbath afternoons at a large village still further from "Happy Home." Mahoe and Noa

attend it, and generally have a good congregation. These journeys from one village to another make the Sabbath a wearisome day.

We have given but a meager sketch of the employments of the Sabbath, as, indeed, any description which we can give must be imperfect. The peculiar trials, discouragements, and enjoyments of these missionaries can be fully known only by themselves; but by our sympathy, our prayers, and substantial aid we may manifest that our hearts are with them, and that we will do what we can to assist them.

The week days at Apaiang are occupied with various employments. Mr. Bingham had long wished his wife to visit a distant part of the island; but when other things did not prevent the wind would be unfavorable. At length they started, accompanied by one of the natives. The day proved so fine, and the wind so fair, that they extended their trip to Takarano, a village near the north-west extremity of the main land. On the extreme point were a few huts, which they were told were "musquito houses." These were placed over or near the water, and so constructed as to admit the breeze from the ocean, whose waves break on the shore near by, and the musquitoes, so abundant every where, are driven out by the force of the wind. Our friends entered one of the huts, which was

so low that only small children could stand upright in it. A man was there who had been recently tattooed, and was suffering from the soreness attending it. A few people gathered around the visitors, and Mr. Bingham talked to them of the only true God. After a hymn was sung he offered prayer, and Mrs. Bingham conversed with some of the women.

A short walk from these huts brought them to the village. Here they found a fine large council house, with a neat floor of coarse gravel. They seated themselves in it, and a number of the people collected around. A native hymn was sung, and they were encouraged to join in it. Most of these people had never before heard prayer in their own language. Their appearance, their noise, and drunkenness were unmistakable proofs that this was a heathen village; and when Mr. and Mrs. Bingham again crossed the lagoon, and came in sight of the little white cottage, with its green blinds, and the thatched houses around it, embowered in cocoanut trees, they felt from the contrast that it was indeed a "Happy Home."

Apaiang has not been exempt from sickness. Many a day, succeeding a visiting trip, has been spent by Mr. Bingham either on the bed or lounge, his eyes bloodshot and painful. "I have been poorly to-day," he writes, "owing to

a twelve mile walk yesterday, under a noonday sun, for the sake of visiting a man who had been pierced with a spear." Any unusual labor on the Sabbath often brought on a return of his bronchial difficulty. Death, too, with his icy hand, had been there, and taken away their first born babe, on whom had centered many bright visions and pleasing hopes. The oft-visited grave under the cocoa shade was a pleasant spot, where the bereaved parents loved to talk of their little transplanted bud, and commune with heaven.

Mr. and Mrs. Bingham felt a deep interest in the children of their people, and improved every opportunity to instruct them; but without any regularity or system, progress must of course be slow. At length Mrs. Bingham offered a reward to several little girls if they would learn to read. They all came to the mission house for that purpose twice; and two or three came a few times more. Another time she promised to give calico for a dress, to three little girls, if they would learn a certain portion of a catechism, which was printed on a card; only one persevered, and received the reward. The king agreed to send his little girls to Mrs. Bingham, as soon as some mats for them were finished. After coming once, the little royal children became weary, and were seen at school no more.

We should suppose that after such repeated efforts the kind missionary would have been discouraged; but not so. She persevered; and among her last letters we find, "You would be interested in my little school, could you look in upon us. Our school-room is the platform of the inland verandah, protected from sun and rain by a mat curtain, and carpeted with mats braided of the fresh cocoanut leaf. There are two classes with whom I spend an hour or an hour and a half each morning, one class reading by themselves, while I am busy with the others. The whole number is usually less than twelve, all but one of whom are girls. After some time spent in reading, they are taught to repeat in concert the ten commandments, and four hymns in their own tongue, besides a little of geography and sacred history. We close with singing one of the hymns and repeating together the Lord's prayer in Apaiang. For the last two Sabbaths they have attended the morning service at the chapel, and sat quietly near me. Some have attended school about six weeks, and seem interested; yet, were the promise of reward at the end of the term withdrawn, the number would doubtless fall off. I would beseech my friends in America to plead most earnestly for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon this my little girls' school."

Mrs. Bingham taught sewing and making of garments, too, to all who were willing to learn. Te-Babua's wife, Nei-Deiti, learned to sew very neatly, and after they were cut out, made a calico dress for herself, and a shirt for her husband. Some friends at Honolulu sent a few calico sacks to Mrs. Bingham for her little pupils. These sacks made the little ones look so pretty, that others were induced to learn to sew, that they too might have a dress. Foreign garments of every kind were much coveted. Two lads from Tarawa were betrothed to two of king Te-Kaia's little girls, ten and twelve years of age, and among the valuable presents sent by the king to the father of the lads were *forty shirts*.

It has been said the natives of Apaiang were thieves; they were also great liars. Mrs. Bingham says, "It does seem as though there was not one native man, woman, or child who would not sooner deny the truth than speak it, if he could gain any advantage thereby. We can not trust their word, nor do they any more believe one another; for it is very frequently the case in conversation that they accuse one another of lying." Even Te-Babua, whom Mr. Bingham had almost believed to be a Christian, was found to be guilty of this sin.

Drunkenness is another vice of these islanders. To this is to be traced most of the horrible mur-

ders, the broken skulls, and wounded bodies that come under Mr. Bingham's surgical care. Even the king and one of his wives became intoxicated, and in his jealous fury he beat her so unmercifully that she fled to Taboneapa, where the man lived of whom he was jealous. The king, and a multitude of men from the different villages, pursued; but learning that the man was not at Taboneapa, they soon became weary and returned home again, after sending a messenger to bring the wife back. For once, the affair which had promised to be so bloody, had rather a ludicrous termination.

Mr. and Mrs. Bingham went one day to Ewena, to witness one of the native dances. It was performed at the council house, one end being occupied by the men of Koinawa, the other by that of Ewena. All the performers wore long mats tied about their waists; also various decorations — necklaces of shells, sharks' teeth, and green leaves, — their bodies being profusely anointed with oil. The dancers stood and chanted; keeping time by waving their hands, clapping and striking their breasts and hips, and by a slight motion of their feet. Their voices were well-nigh deafening, though in the most perfect time. Occasionally the excitement was great, the stamping heavy, while the chant, in which often occurred some spirit's name, was vociferated with

terrific power. The two parties alternated. After a while, six or eight little girls stood in front of the Koinawa performers, and accompanied them. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham did not remain to see the dance finished.

Another of the native sports was the "te urvae makei," — a racing of miniature canoes, which our friends once witnessed. This pastime occupies much of the time and thoughts of the young and middle-aged men. The boats being very small, the sails immensely large, and the outriggers extending a long distance from them, their speed is sometimes twelve miles an hour. At the conclusion of the race, all met in the council house for one of their heathen songs. These songs are quite monotonous, mostly minor, and chanted in a low key. Mrs. Bingham says, "They keep most exact time, and it would be amusing to see them, were it not that one must think of the waste of time involved, the neglect of every thing useful, and their sad indifference to their eternal welfare. Oh that the Spirit of God would open their eyes, and make them sensible of their utterly lost condition if they continue as they are."

This want of employment for the people is a sad thing. The old saying,

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do,"

is true emphatically of this people. Some time is necessarily spent in making of cocoanut oil and fishing, but this is only for their immediate wants. Most of the oil is bartered for "te-baka"—(tobacco.) The children have nothing to do, and grow up as their parents have done. While Mr. Garrette was there, a new feature in Apaiang life appeared. At low tide the flats were scoured by people of all ages, in search of shells and other curiosities to sell to the naturalist.

One day a great many people were seen going to Ewena, carrying in their hands large papai roots. The missionaries learned, on inquiry, that an infant child of the king's married daughter had died. When a death occurs in any influential family, presents of te-papai are customary. The next day the baby was carried to Koinawa. Mr. and Mrs. Bingham were in the village, and the wailing at the council house attracted their attention. In the center of a group of people sat Nei-Kaubunan, the king's favorite wife, holding the lifeless form of the little one, and chanting a song of lamentation. Occasionally tears choked her utterance; then she would wipe them away and commence again. The king and the parents of the child sat near. Mrs. Bingham went to the mother and tried to express her sympathy for her. "As we walked

home," said she, "it seemed as though that heathen wailing could never be forgotten. How different from Christian grief!"

An uncle of the king died at a distant village and was brought to Koinawa. After the Sabbath service, the missionaries went to the council house, and there, under the same mat with the corpse — a loathsome object — lay the wife of the dead man. Our friends sat down by the king, and asked why they did not bury the man. He replied that they would when the "tabunea" (incantations) had been performed. These are to prevent further deaths. Mr. Bingham directed their attention to the only true God, Jehovah, who holds life and death at his sovereign disposal. A few nights afterwards, the inhabitants of Koinawa attempted to "frighten away the spirit" of the dead man, by beating the ground with cocoanut leaves from one end of the village to the other. Fires were also kindled. In all this some took part who had listened again and again to what the Bible teaches of the state of the soul after death. When asked why they did it, their excuse was, that they were in sport. God's word on this point was again explained to them, and our friends left for home.

In February, 1859, an eclipse of the moon occurred. Mr. Bingham had no almanac for

that year, and was not aware of the event until his attention was called to it by Mahoe. When the moon disappeared, the people were alarmed, and the poor women in their ignorance performed some sort of incantation for the relief of the moon, which they said was "dead, because killed." "Who killed it?" "A man," some said; others, that it was "the mother of Ten-Tewaki," the leader of the Tarawan invasion. Mr. Bingham endeavored to describe an eclipse to the people, but they were too ignorant and superstitious to understand him.

Living with such a people as we have described, it is not surprising that our friends at Apaiang rejoiced when any vessel came to the island, bringing news from afar. Captains Randall and Fairclough, in pursuing their business, stopped here several times a year. They were always welcome visitors, and many an expression of kindness, in the form of a present, found its way from the vessel to the mission house. Once Captain Randall gave Mr. Bingham one hundred dollars, telling him to use it for his own comfort. He sent it to Hawaii, to purchase a small printing press for the Apaiang mission. We hope it will not meet the fate of the surf boat which was bought with money contributed by Captain Moore and his crew, and was lost in the passage around Cape Horn.

When the Morning Star returned to Apaiang from her last trip to Ascension she brought Dr. Gulick and his family. How delightful it was to entertain these Christian friends and fellow-laborers! Mrs. Bingham says in her journal, "The past fortnight has brought new experiences to us, in that we have been permitted to entertain for two weeks the family of a brother missionary. The social intercourse which we have enjoyed with Dr. and Mrs. Gulick has been delightful, and the presence of the children has made a pleasant variety in our quiet life. To-morrow they will leave us; but we may hope at some future day to welcome them as fellow-laborers among these Kingsmill people. The vessel leaves us in comfortable health, and with our prayers for her safe arrival at her destined port."

Thus have we followed the Morning Star, the children's missionary ship, through her most interesting history and wanderings. We have given, also, some account of those islands for whose evangelization she was brought into being; those islands which, for so many long years, sat in the region and shadow of death, but which have now received the light of the gospel. The work that has been accomplished is great; it is the work of God, performed by his Holy Spirit,

through the instrumentality of his servants. The command of Christ, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," urged them forward; and the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," has been their encouragement and support. May their reward be that of those who turn many to righteousness, who shall "shine as the stars for ever and ever."

In that reward may the dear children who are stockholders in this vessel participate. Who of them, as they read the story of her voyages amid those far-distant isles of the Pacific, do not rejoice that they were permitted to share even in so small a degree in this work? And who of them, too, if life is spared, will give *themselves* to a similar service for Christ; and when they hear the call from many a dark land for missionaries to teach dying souls the way of salvation, will answer, promptly and joyfully, "Here am I; send me"?

Besides the objects more directly in view in the sending of the Morning Star into the Pacific, certain incidental benefits have resulted from it, of great value to commerce and civilization.

The introduction of missionaries and missions into those distant islands has done much for the *protection* of vessels and crews. Formerly it

was hazardous to visit them, even for the most necessary purposes, of refitting or procuring supplies. If a vessel was so unfortunate as to be wrecked among the reefs and currents, it was almost sure to fall a prey to the savage islanders, who knew but too well the luxury of feasts on human flesh. Now, so extensively have missionary influences pervaded the Pacific, that most parts of it may be visited with entire safety. In not a few instances has the wrecked mariner, driven upon one of these remote islands, as he has crept timidly along the shores, or entered some romantic valley, been suddenly transported from extreme fear to an assurance of safety and deliverance, as he has descried the missionary's house or the little island church, nestled under the thick foliage of the cocoa and bread fruit. In the accomplishment of such a work the Morning Star has borne a foremost part. She has also explored extensive regions, discovered several new islands, surveyed shoals and reefs, and reported particulars of winds and currents, making most important contributions to nautical science, and rendering navigation comparatively safe, where before it had been extremely dangerous.

She has also done much towards effecting *reforms* in the morals of seamen visiting the Pacific. Once they seemed to imagine that they

were out of sight of the rest of the world, and might abandon themselves to the vilest lusts without the knowledge of friends or employers at home. No pen can describe the excesses which have been practiced there ever since those seas began to be visited from civilized lands. Since, however, the commencement of missions in the Pacific, the reign of crime has been broken in upon. Reports are made of these things, and the guilty have been obliged on their return to meet the condemnation and reproach of the public. Wrong-doers are made to feel that they can not escape the observation of the world, much less of Him who will "bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or bad." No vessel, probably, ever sent thither, has done more in effecting this result than the Morning Star.

In whatever light, then, she is considered, it is impossible adequately to estimate the services of this little vessel. In a merely commercial and scientific view, she has been worth many times her cost. It is a question deserving the profound consideration of merchants and ship owners, whether they would not do well to share largely in the expense of supporting her. That expense amounts to several thousand dollars annually, which at present must be defrayed from the treasury of the American Board. It

would surely be a graceful acknowledgment of its indebtedness for her services, if the commerce of our country alone should voluntarily assume that expense; as to the children must ever remain the honor, under God, of having first sent her forth, fully equipped, on her mission of LOVE AND GOOD WILL TO MEN.

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